Vol. CIII.—No. 1330

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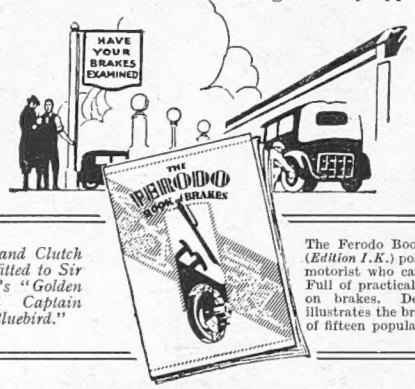

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The Bystander, July 24, 1929 No. 1336. Vol. CIII

the BYSTANDER

KING ALFONSO XIII

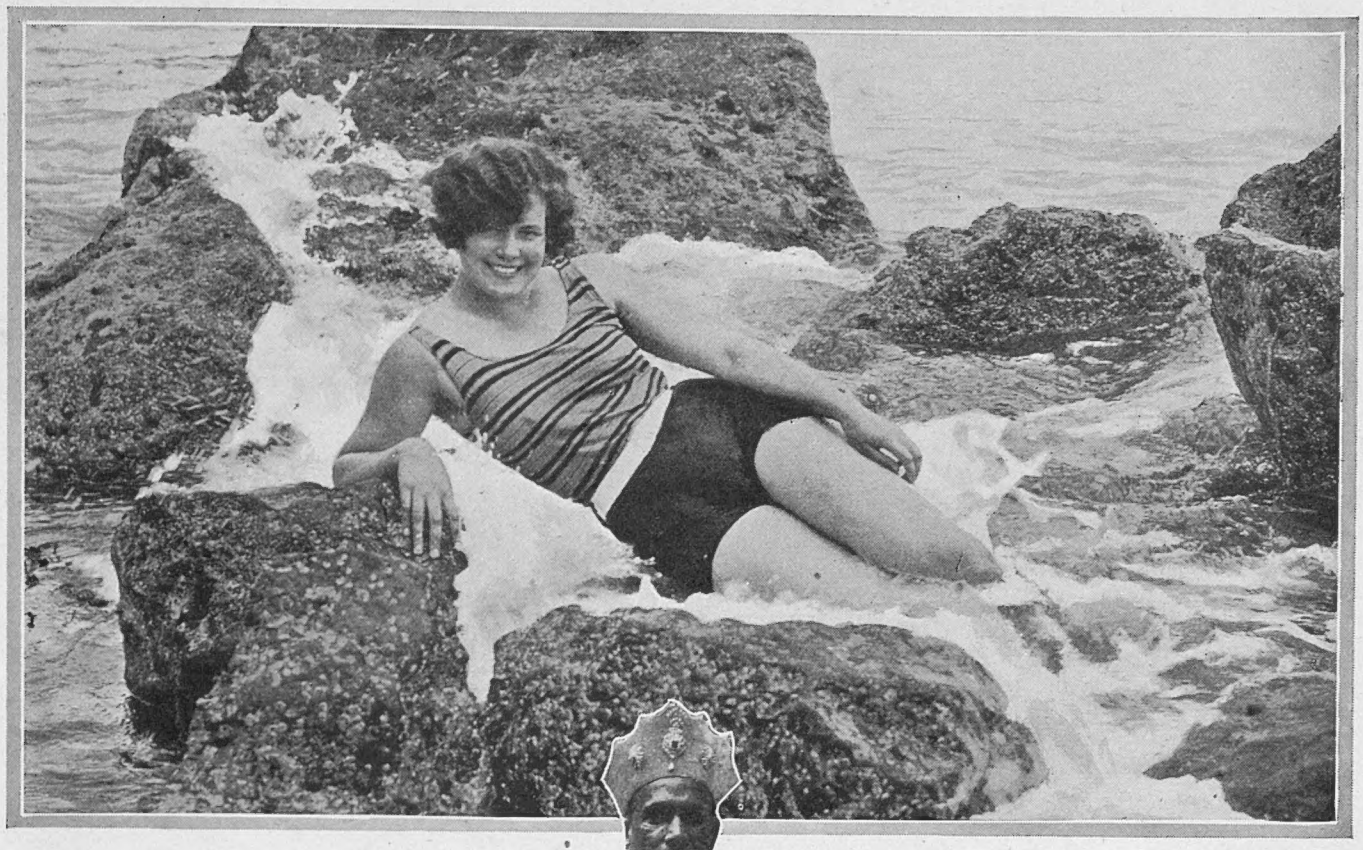
A study of the King of Spain, who has been paying one of his many informal visits to London. This sketch, by Peter Baxendale, autographed by His Majesty, was specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER

Melbourne Spurr

COUNTESS BERTIER DE SAUVIGNY

Who has been entertaining a lot during the Season at her London house in Sloane Street. She was formerly the second wife of Lord Sholto Douglas, uncle of the present Marquess of Queensberry, whom she divorced in 1925

The Passing Hour



Central News

THE PROBLEM OF KEEPING COOL

THE GREAT HEAVE WAVE—SOLVING

Heat Waves

A YOUNG American at the Savoy with a frock above her knees, no stockings, but little white socks rolled above her ankles.

An elderly gentleman dining at Claridge's with white tie, dress trousers, and a short linen coat!

The King's Postponed Operation

THE operation on His Majesty that so swiftly overtook the National Thanksgiving Service was, I understand, anticipated by the doctors nearly two months ago, and would have been performed had the King not requested them to postpone it until after the General Election. The chill he contracted at Windsor further delayed the doctor's intentions, but the fatigue of the ceremony at Westminster Abbey accentuated the latent trouble, and the operation was finally decided upon. How long the King will have to remain at the Palace before going to Sandringham will depend on the rapidity with which the cavity in the ribs takes to heal. It is unlikely he will be able to leave London before the first week in August.

The Season's Heart Beats

THE Royal Garden Party on Thursday is to be thought of as the apotheosis of the Season's functions, and this week is the last in which that symbol of London's social activity, the red carpet from pavement to portal, will be seen. Lady Wimborne's dance on Tuesday night was the culmination of a Season that may well claim to have reached the grandeur of its predecessors, and to have maintained an increasing curve of nocturnal excitement for fair fledglings in their first flight through the social calendar. From one point of view the Season has been an enormous success. The number of engagements announced during the past ten days has amounted to a daily average of no fewer than a score that may well owe their derivation to haphazard encounter at one of the innumerable private dances during the past ten weeks.

Planet News

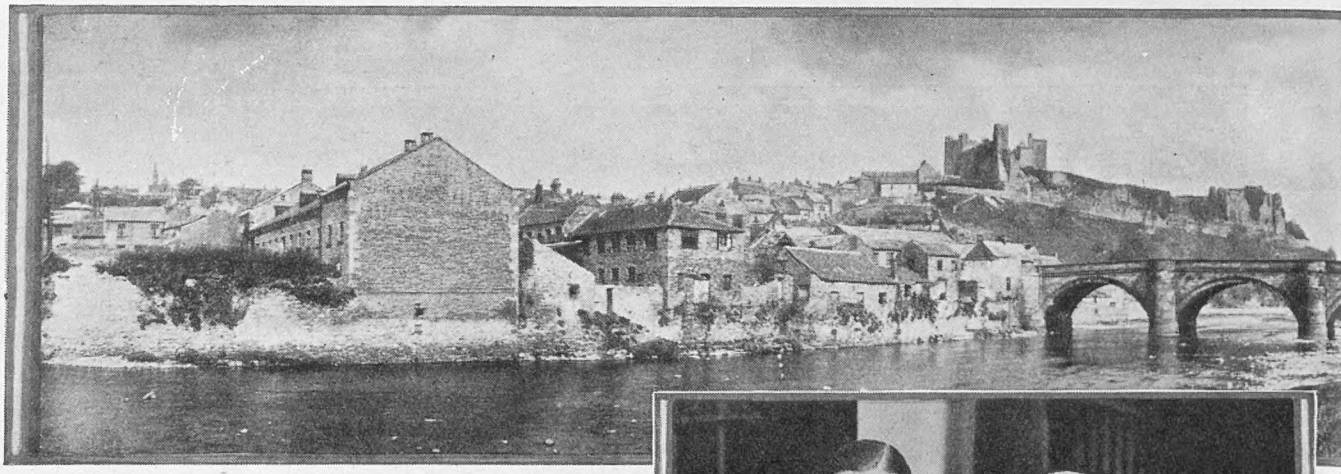
A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

The Maharajah of Alwar, seen in his State robes. He is among the important Eastern potentates who visited London during what has been one of the most brilliant Seasons for some years

Two Annes for the Altar

INTERESTING engagements are those of the two daughters of distinguished men, both with the same name, Anne. It was a further coincidence that the announcement came in the same week. They are Lady Anne Cavendish, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Hon. Anne Tyrrell, the only child of the British Ambassador in Paris. One has yet to reach the magic age of twenty-one, both are

MISS WANDA HOLDEN'S WEDDING



A MERRY BRIDE Quick Pictures

Miss Wanda Holden, the daughter of Major and Mrs. Norman Holden, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the Hon. C. W. Baillie-Hamilton, M.P., after their recent wedding. The bridegroom, who was formerly private secretary to Mr. Baldwin, is the brother of the Earl of Haddington

fair, but whereas Lady Anne is tall and slim, with fair hair cut close to her head, Miss Tyrrell is of medium height, with hair fluffed and curling about a round, happy face, which she doubtless inherits from her mother's serene looks. Miss Tyrrell's *fiancé* (though in diplomatic parlance their engagement has still to be officially ratified), Mr. Holman, is attached to the Embassy staff in Paris, and he has been in the Diplomatic Service since the War, in which he won the Military Cross. Mr. Hunloke, engaged to Lady Anne Cavendish, bears a name that is more familiar, for his father is Sir Philip Hunloke, who sails the King's yacht, Britannia. Lady Anne is not of that particular set that spends its time consuming innumerable cocktails to the accompaniment of conversational scandal. She has been brought up to appreciate less flippant recreations, and she knows, for instance, the thrill of landing a well-played salmon and the more subjective delights of a good book.

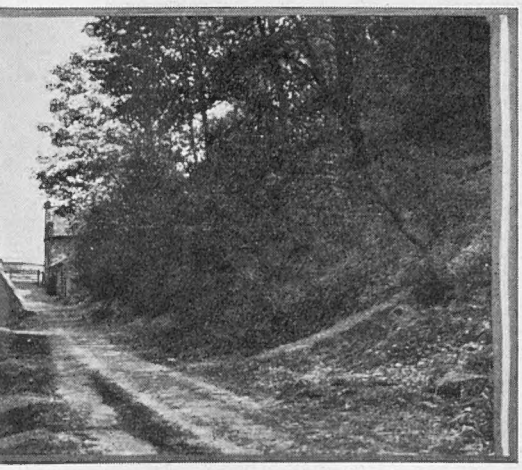
British Illustrations

Mr. Cecil Beaton and his sisters, Nancy and Baba, snapped at the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. He gave Miss Wanda Holden away at the dress rehearsal of her wedding at St. Margaret's

Now Comes "The Twelfth"

AND now for Goodwood, Cowes, and the Moors, as well, no doubt, as some exodus to the Continental playgrounds. Prospect for "The Twelfth" in Scotland suggests that the guns will find good sport, for adverse weather has not come to destroy the nests or the young birds. Although the cost of renting a shoot has increased considerably, all the Deeside moors have found tenants, and those not to be let will be occupied by their owners, such as Lord Glentanar at Glen Tanar,

NOEL COWARD KEEPS COURT



A. H. Robinson

A view of the historic old town of Richmond, in Yorkshire, with the famous castle in the background. Richmond, which was well known to the thousands of troops stationed at Catterick during and after the War, is staging a pageant this month

Lady Cowdray at Dunecht and Raemoir, Lord Forbes at Castle Forbes, and Sir Victor Mackenzie at Bracklie.

Viscount Furness has taken Affaric Forest, Lord and Lady Beatty will be at Grantolly Castle, and Sir Ernest Wills will, as usual, be at Meggernie Castle. On the whole, Americans have not taken so many properties as usual, though I see that Mr. Pulitzer will be at Dunkeld House.

At His Majesty's

IF, in the 'nineties, it had been suggested to a theatrical manager that he should produce an important play in the middle of July he would have thought the idea sheer madness. But any time is theatrical time now, and so last Thursday evening at His Majesty's Theatre C. B. Cochran produced Noel Coward's eagerly awaited operetta, *Bitter Sweet,* which was enthusiastically welcomed—and deservedly so—by an audience including H.R.H. Prince George, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Marquise de Casa Maury, Viscount Furness, Countess Howe, Lady Cunard, Sir Sefton Brancker, Miss Clemence Dane, Miss Rebecca West, Sir John and Lady Lavery; in fact, *tout le monde,* in addition to a host of theatrical celebrities.

The New Method

AT the finish loud calls for author failed to bring him before the footlights, but in between the acts this brilliant young dramatist held a sort of reception at the top of the stairs which lead to the stage from the entrance to the stalls where, with all due modesty, he absorbed *pæans* of praise from multifarious friends. If only for the reason that this impromptu levee stopped stallites from returning to the auditorium I think that the old-fashioned " taking a call " is to be preferred.

QUITE OVERCOME! *Sasha*

Norah Howard, as one of the Naughty, Naughty Ladies in Noel Coward's new operetta, "Bitter Sweet," at His Majesty's, cries "My salts! My salts!" when accosted by a bold, bad officer
Further pictures of this entertaining show appear on page 230

At the Cafe de Paris

JIMMIE CARUSO and his famous New York Syncopators are proving the great attraction at that delightfully intimate restaurant, the Café de Paris, Coventry Street, whose oval floor shaded lighting effects, and the benevolent attention of Conti, make it essentially a place for dinner or supper. Recent visitors have included King Alfonso, Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of York, who were among the dancers the other evening, the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Londonderry, Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Marquise de Casa-Maury, Lord and Lady Brecknock, and a number of other Society notabilities, who find, no doubt, apart from the excellence of the *cuisine,* that the restaurant during the heat-wave is always cool and pleasant. The Blue Lyres play at 5.30 p.m., when cocktail dances are held.

The Piccadilly Hotel have a very amusing cabaret running at present, and many people do not realise that if it is not convenient to dress the Grill Room gives the same cabaret and an excellent dinner for 8*s.* 6*d.* M. André Charlot is staging a new cabaret for the regal Grosvenor House.

A Story of Broken Illusion

BALLET dancers should be seen, but not off the stage. Or so I thought at a recent cocktail party in the somewhat unusual surroundings of the Covent Garden Opera House, when M. Diaghileff entertained his friends—and his critics—for the pur-

THE GATE-CRASHER AS A ZULU

A CRASHING SUCCESS

The gate-crasher who turned up in full Zulu war paint at the "Tropical" party given on board the "Friendship," moored off the Victoria Embankment, but was refused admission. A mob of 5,000 polite loafers jeered the guests and cheered the gate-crasher

Quick Pictures

pose of allowing them to hear a new Stravinsky work. One by one, as I recognised the dancers in cloche hats and everyday clothes, my preconceived ideas as to their beauty disappeared. Even their perfection of graceful movement was invisible within the restrictions of modern clothes. Only sight of Mme. Lydia Lopokova (Mrs. J. M. Keynes) revived my shattered illusions, but then she is no longer of the Russian Ballet. As for Stravinsky's music for "The Fox," it sounded like nothing so much as the animal imprisoned within a grand piano with hounds and huntsmen trying to drive him out!

Photographs *L.N.A.*

STUDIES OF LADY ALEXANDER

Lady Alexander lately had the extraordinarily unpleasant experience of waking up to find armed burglars threatening her in her bedroom. But her ladyship may console herself by the thought that no burglars living could ever steal her indefatigable energy

Rehearsal for a Wedding

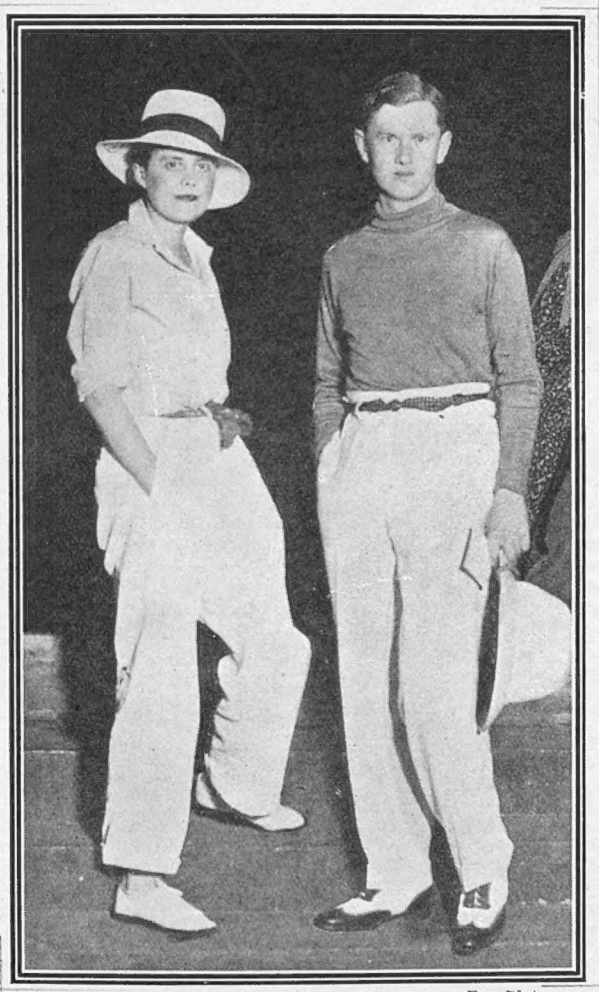
SELDOM are there hitches at important weddings nowadays, and never does the best man seek feverishly for the ring, or the bridesmaids falter in their paces. All is prearranged and prepared by a preliminary rehearsal. A week before the Holden—Baillie-Hamilton wedding there was a trial canter, as it were, to see that nothing should go amiss, with Mr. Cecil Beaton, the successful young photographer, in the rôle of the bride's father. I doubt, however, if the understudies could have taken the part of the principals had emergency interfered with the event proper. Miss Wanda Holden made a very beautiful bride as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father and joined the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton before the altar steps at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Baillie-Hamilton is good-looking, a Member of Parliament, and—which is not a corollary—particularly brilliant as well, also he has enjoyed the experience of being Mr. Baldwin's private secretary when the ex-Premier was at Downing Street.

FASHIONS AND HEAT WAVES

Photopress

PICCADILLY'S NEW CRECHE: DOG DAYS IN THE WEST END

A photograph taken on the roof of the new Piccadilly Circus Garage, where a useful crèche for dear little Fidos and other canine angels was opened last week. Kennelmaids are seen exercising their charges, and Miss Dorothy Dickson, who performed the opening ceremony, is shown in the centre of the group



Fox Photos

The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Waugh and her husband attired for the "Tropical" party—which was hot in more ways than one—on board the "Friendship." The author of "Decline and Fall" looks somewhat scared, although there were no fierce Zulus on board

Lady Oxford and Asquith Keeps Cool

NOT often are bridesmaids all so beautiful as those that followed Miss Wanda Holden. To name four of them, Lady Mary Lygon, Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton, as well as the lovely Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, herself in a short while to be followed by her own bridesmaids, is to mention four of London's lovelier girls. There was beauty of an older generation at the reception (where my eyes feasted upon a magnificence of presents, both useful and ornamental), the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, for instance, Mrs. Keigwin, Lady Castlerosse, Mrs. Ernest Schiff, and Miss Viola Tree. Lady Oxford and Asquith seemed to be the one person unaffected by the warm weather. Her frock was more reminiscent of an Edwardian bathing dress than the confection of a modern dressmaker.

Harrow Boys in Their Own Revue

QUITE the most amusing entertainment I have seen for a long while was a revue by the boys of Harrow School that took place at Mrs. Simon Hartog's house in Upper Grosvenor Street. Mrs. Hartog and Lady Playfair, the wife of the producer, were the hostesses of the occasion. Of course, the Playfair family put up most of the scaffolding for this *Skeleton of a Skyscraper*, as it was called, Sir Nigel's son, Lyon, having written it, and his other son, Giles, co-operating in the acting and particularly in an amusing burlesque of Sacha Guitry's *Mariette*, which

L.N.A.

Miss Dorothy Dickson photographed after opening the Dog Crèche in Piccadilly Circus. The bouquet with which she was presented consisted of sweet peas and not, as might have been expected, dog-roses

PLAY TIME BESIDE THE THAMES

Cigarini

Mrs. Jacqueline Low—the pretty young widow of the late Harry Low, a former well-known "Bystander" artist—leaving Christ Church, Down Street, with her husband, Mr. K. S. G. Sommerville. Her husband is connected with the United Kingdom Tobacco Company

was called *Mariette, ou comment on apprend le Français*. It told of the Emperor as a French master at Harrow in love with Mariette Fleury, *"capitaine de football de Maisons petites,"* and how she refused to fly to London with him until he had signed the imposition book and his identity was revealed. It was a genuinely clever parody. Also there was great fun in Ronald Emanuel's opera shown first on Mr. Selfridge's roof garden and then in the bargain basement, and a satirical little sketch wherein an Englishman prefers to go to the nether regions rather than remain in the celestial precincts along with a nigger, a Chinaman, and a German. It was more the sophisticated work of the undergraduate than the schoolboy. Then there was the cleverest impersonation of a ventriloquist's doll by a diminutive Harrovian. In ten minutes he only blinked his eyes once! That must have taken weeks of hard training!

A Dancing Night at Bray

A COMBINATION of anticyclones and high pressure has managed to keep the clouds and cold away and has given us the hottest week in the year. Obeying the impulse to hire one of Godfrey Davis's cars and "G.D." it to Bray, I motored down to the Hotel de Paris last week, as much of London seems to have done, to escape the oppressive atmosphere of tarmac and petrol fumes. There are few more pleasant ways of passing the evening than dining here and dancing afterwards on the floor that has been built under a massive tree, freshly perfumed with the roses, the pinks, and sweet peas. Previously I had been to the Thames at Hurley Weir to find the adjoining field alive with sunbasking and water-bathing humanity; hygienically, but not æsthetically, an edifying sight! Later, at dinner, there was sight of Lord Portarlington dancing in blazer and flannels, Lady Dufferin dancing with her son, Lord Ava, and Lady Angela Scott.

RACING HINTS

Horses on our list of "Horses to Follow" keep popping up. Just a hint for when two or more appear in the same race. Each one should be backed each way, a bit extra being allotted to the one shown at the shortest price in the betting forecast. Here are five more to note:—

POTENCY
(G., by Somme Kiss).
Owner, Mr. D. Kimball. Trainer, D. Waugh. Started second favourite to the winner, Lawrenny Lass G., in the Batnors Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Lingfield, after being confidently supported. Finished third. Should improve on this performance next time. Previously showed promise at Wolverhampton.

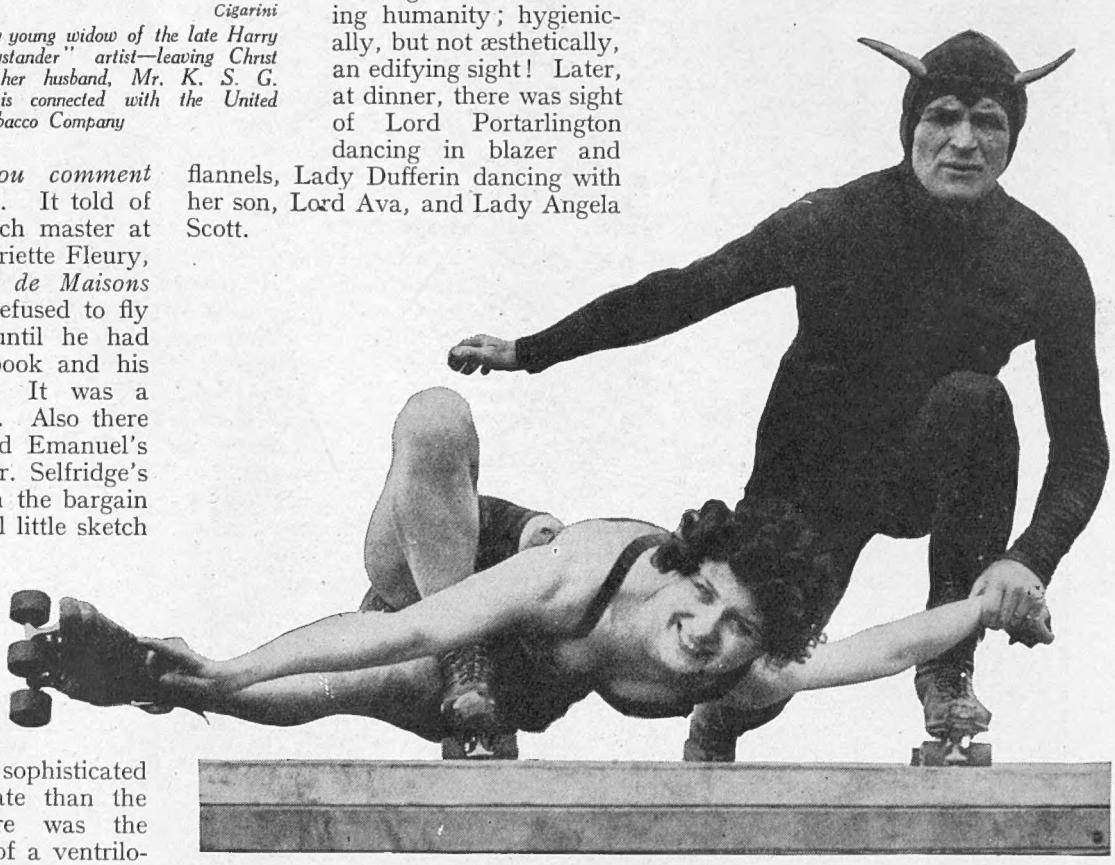
SISTER CLOVER
(Br. F., by Friar Marcus—Miss Sainfoin).
Owner, Mr. C. Wadia. Trainer, Molony. Had previously ran well over this course, and substantial amounts were wagered on the filly to win the Jack's Bridge Maiden Plate (five furlongs). She was well away but failed to resist the strong challenge of Stingo, who was conceding 3 lbs. Follow up with confidence.

CHASE ME CHARLIE
(B. G., by Cantilever—The Trend).
Owner, Sir Hugo Fitzherbert. Trainer, Clements.
Was backed at 10 to 1 down to 6 to 1 to win the Wyndcliffe Plate (one mile) at Chepstow. Put in a strong challenge, but could only get second position. Losses will be recovered.

V.C.
(B. G., by Braishfield—Lady Vain).
Owner, Mr. A. J. Redman. Trainer, V. Smyth. Was made an odds-on favourite after being heavily backed at 2 to 1 and 6 to 4 in the Ross Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Chepstow. Put in a vigorous challenge but failed to reach First Call by a short head. Was second over a similar distance at Brighton.

YOUNG ACTRESS
(B. F., by Diligence—Juvenile).
Owner, Major D. Dixon. Trainer, S. Darling. Was confidently supported to defeat the smart Silver Lyre in the Spring Hall Plate (five furlongs) at Newmarket, and she must be followed up. Ran gamely and finished second. She was a safe "Tote" investment for a place.

"OLD ORKNEY"



The St. Moritz Dancers, whose whirlwind dancing on roller skates is really thrilling. They have been entertaining visitors in the Restaurant at Grosvenor House, Park Lane

At BRAY by the SILVER THAMES

BY HELEN McKIE

When the sultry summer nights make Town seem heavy and oppressive there is no more pleasant place to spend an evening than by the river. The Hotel de Paris at Bray, with its cool rooms and pretty lawns with their bright coloured sunshades, shady trees and glass dance floor, forms an ideal setting which is enhanced by the sight of the river glinting romantically in the moonlight

AT THE PLAY

ENGLISH MELODRAMA

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"Beauty," at the Strand Theatre

I HAVE it on the authority of a theatrical manager who ought to know, that whereas in Victorian days the English stage relied almost entirely on French authors for its attractions the contrary is now the case, and English dramatists are being sought after by French managements.

IF *Beauty*, which has been adapted by Michael Morton from a play by Jacques Deval, is a typical specimen of modern French comedy, this search for the once despised English play does not surprise me in the least. What *does* surprise me is the fact that one of our dramatists thought it worth his while to turn so feeble a play into English.

THERE is about as much life in this play as can be found in a dead donkey. That would not be an absolute bar to success if only the lifeless thing possessed interest or amusement. *Beauty* has neither. Its so-called characters are mere puppets who do not even possess characteristics; one cannot take a real interest in any of them. The situations in which they find themselves are obvious, and the *dénouement* almost from the rise of the curtain could be guessed by the most unsophisticated playgoer.

BEING a French play it might be supposed that its artificiality is redeemed by wit. It certainly ought to be, but it is not. Throughout the evening I did not hear one single line which stuck in the memory as worth repeating. The play was merely prosy—and pretentious.

THE story itself is as old as the hills, but as there are really no new plots to be invented nowadays this is not to be wondered at. Just as the Cinderella story has been used again and again for stage purposes, so has Beauty and the Beast often been made the foundation for a play, as in this case.

THE ugly duckling here does not turn into a fairy prince physically, but he wins his beauty—a fascinating widow—by charm of character, which is revealed to us when on more than one occasion he blubs—to use his own expression—in self-pity because he is no Adonis.

THESE are the two principals round which the story—oh, so slowly—revolves, and they are bolstered up by a collection of nonentities in whom it is difficult to take the slightest interest, despite the fact that a really fine cast has been secured to play them.

THE LADY HE THOUGHT NOTHING TO. AND—

Madame Sapito (Lady Tree) tries to arrange a marriage between Jacques Blaise (Charles Laughton) and Bernice (Ena Grossmith) but he loves her not, and—

and FRENCH FUTILITY

Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS

IT was distressing to see Lady Tree wrestling with the dull lines of a match-making matron; to observe Morton Seeten trying to make bricks without straw; Ena Grossmith and Gwendolen Floyd attempting to make a couple of eccentrics amusing; and Eric Maturin, once again playing the gay seducer, doing his damnedest to give a French touch to a part which had not one single trace of originality in it. As for E. Lyell Swete, it appeared as if, in representing a professor, he felt his duty had been done by making up like a French Bernard Shaw and speaking in a holy voice. Personally, I am inclined to the view that he *had* done enough, and anything further would have been wasted energy! Isabel Jeans played a pretty widow prettily.

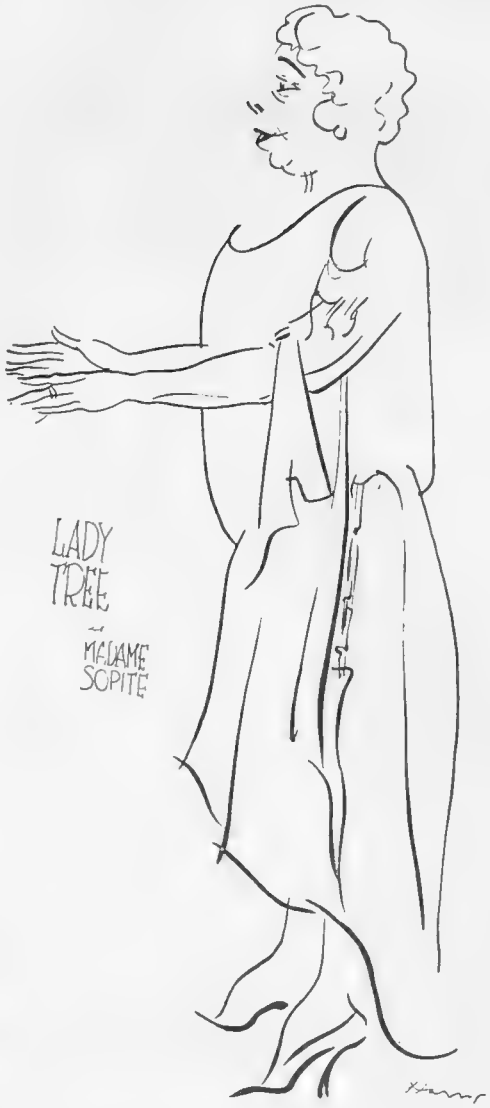
AS for Charles Laughton, who plays the ugly astronomer, fine artist as he is, he could not make this character live. I yield to none in my admiration for Laughton's ability. As Mr. Prohac, as a Man with Red Hair, as a Russian regicide, he was superb. He made these parts, as he did that of the French detective in *Alibi*. That his performance in *Beauty* was not on a par with these must be a black mark against the author, who let him down badly.

"The Face at the Window," at the Little Theatre

MANY years ago I went to the gallery of the Adelphi Theatre, where some melodrama—I have quite forgotten the title—was being played. It was unintentionally funny, so funny, indeed, that I laughed

—THE LADY HE LOVED DEEPLY

—sheds salt tears because he thinks himself too unattractive to the beautiful widow, Estelle Duparc (Isabel Jeans). Hinc *these quite unnecessary* lacrimæ



aloud, much to the indignation of a lady next me who, in the intervals, drank stout out of a bottle. I laughed so much that an attendant tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You mustn't laugh." "I can't help it," I replied contritely; "it *is* so funny!"

THOUGH many people did not thus regard it in those days, taste has so greatly changed that old-fashioned melodramas when staged in the West End are now produced for the purpose of exciting laughter. and it was with this idea in view that *The Face at the Window,* which has been touring the provinces ever since 1897, has been produced at the Little Theatre.

WHERE this melodrama differs from most is that the young hero and heroine are subsidiary characters. The parts with "meat" in them are the villainous Lucio Delgardo, an Italian with a French accent and a penchant for evening dress; and Paul Gouffet, the famous Paris detective, whose bravery is such that though it may explain his idiotic conduct yet does not excuse it.

THIS crime concoction was amusing on the first night, but I believe it will be really funny later when the company get into their stride. With one or two exceptions they under-played their parts in a way in which they would never have done if performing at Wapping, Bootle, and other provincial centres of light and learning. It really seemed as if they were conscious of playing to a West End audience, and subdued their efforts in consequence. That was a mistake. V. W.

CONQUERING the AIR—MAMMOTHS

Pacific and Atlantic

DAY BOMBERS AT WORK AT HENDON

An incident during the recent Air Pageant showing bombers sweeping down on their target at 250 m.p.h. These machines have a speed rivalling that of the fastest fighters

Photographs

A SPANISH W.R.A.F.

Spain as a nation is remarkably keen on aviation and has many fine achievements to her credit. The women are as enthusiastic as the men, and some girl pilots are seen above with their instructor, Captain Madarago, who, it is said, is to form a female Air Force

Planet News

A RECORD BREAKER

The German pilot, Neuenhofer, who, on a Junkers W. 33, broke the world's altitude record, reaching a height of approximately 41,000 ft.

And MIDGETS for ALL-COMERS

"FLYING is now becoming part of our daily lives," said the Prince of Wales at the opening of the International Aero Exhibition at Olympia last week, and in one happy phrase summed up the situation as it is to-day. Flying is, indeed, now more generally popular than ever.

Planet News

A NEW BABY COUPÉ

The new Robin monoplane, which is said to be the smallest enclosed aircraft to have been constructed up to the present time. Motive power is provided by an A.B.C. engine, and this trim little machine is said to be capable of attaining a speed of 105 m.p.h.

L.N.A

A KISS BEFORE STARTING

So many married couples of to-day fly their own machines that it is not uncommon to find husband and wife in competition. Capt. Alan S. Butler, who took part in the race for the King's Cup recently, is seen wishing his wife—who was another competitor—good luck before she set out

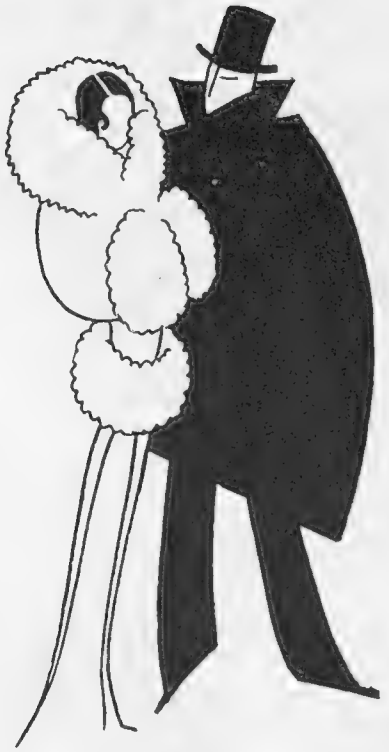
Planet News

A GIANT OF THE SKIES

The mammoth Dornier flying boat, which has been built for a Berlin to New York service. Fitted with twelve engines, this huge machine will carry a hundred passengers, which is record accommodation for a heavier-than-air machine

"COME TO BRITAIN"

A Chat with Sir Francis Towle



"ALL aboard for Britain!"

"At least, so we hope. The Americans are doing it, and the rest of the world are going to follow—in their thousands."

He flipped another cigar out of the silver box on his desk, shook his large, easy-limbed frame more comfortably into the austere arms of his office chair, and smiled upon me with frank and cerulean-eyed benignancy.

The speaker was Sir Francis Towle, the scene a London hotel, though which one, as he controls four of the largest in the Metropolis, the May Fair, the Metropole, the Hotel Victoria and Grosvenor Hotel, seems immaterial. However, for accuracy's sake, it was in the Metropole.

From the cigar came a cirro-cumulus of blue smoke; myself drew more modestly upon a product of Sir Ernest Wills.

"But, tell me, Sir Francis, do you really think foreigners are going to respond to this 'Come to Britain' movement? That they are going to prefer this land of restrictions and indifferent provincial hotels to the freedom and comfort of the Continent, where even the small hotels have built themselves private bathrooms for most of their bedrooms? In the country hotels abroad you can generally rely on good food; you know, here it is generally pretty bad."

"Thank you," said Sir Francis, "for stating the case of the opposition. Now I'll do my best to meet it. First of all, visitors and tourists from abroad are coming to this country. In half a dozen of the principal hotels in London at the moment fifty per cent. of the guests are American or other foreign visitors. And they will continue to come. We have experienced a record season despite the General Election.

"Now for the hotel question in this country. The modern hotel is an invention of the past fifty years, but few realise it. Before, they were just 'pubs'; the root trouble with it is that hotels are confused with public-houses. The most luxurious hotel has to be subject to the same licence as the smallest public-house. There is no individual legislation for hotels; their development is hampered by an obsolete form of licence. I assure you drink is but an ancillary business with a large hotel, for it only represents one-eighth of the revenue from such an hotel as the May Fair, and yet I have to pay a monopoly value which is at present costing the company £3,000 annually, irrespective of other licence duties and taxation. Hotels *must* be developed independent of the drink question if they are to achieve their fullest possibilities.

SIR FRANCIS'S fingers beat together in a steady rhythm, as if to emphasise the urgency of his thoughts.

"In America, you know, the hotel business is one of the biggest industries in the country, and it has gone ahead despite Prohibition. Here we have hardly begun to understand its important relation to additional prosperity. It is not an hotel problem, it is a national problem; for trade is linked up with good hotels. People usually combine business with pleasure on a long-distance visit, and if that visit is made enjoyable they will come again."

SIR FRANCIS suddenly put away his cigar, and leaned forward.

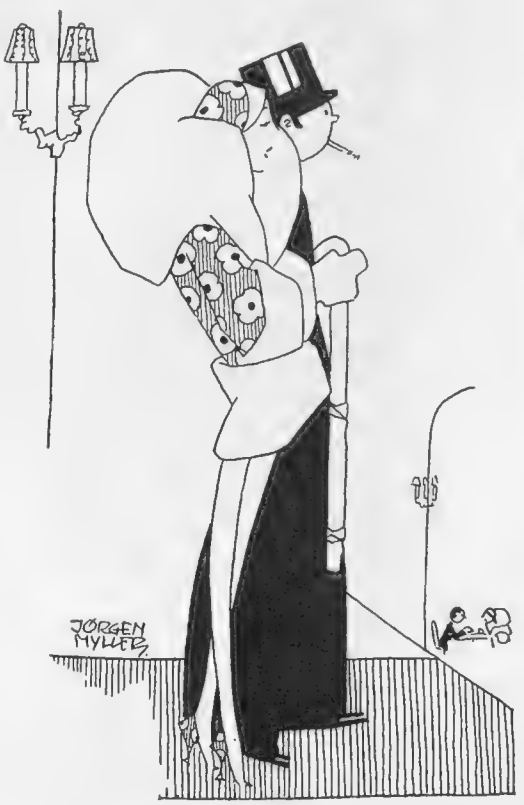
"Do you know the hotel business in this country hasn't *half* begun? And that the Government don't realise the enormous increase of trade they can produce? Foreign governments are so alive to the importance of tourist traffic that many hotels go tax free; and in one capital hotels have been freed of tax for twenty years!

"I have experimented with the idea of putting University men into my hotels. It has succeeded, and I foresee the day when Englishmen are regarded as the world's best *hôteliers*. I may be disappointed, but I am an enthusiast, and I believe I am right.

"APART from the beauty of England and the history that is written in the grandeur of its architecture, its villages and towns, London can easily hold its own against New York, Paris or Berlin. In New York they cannot have good cooking now, because you cannot cook well without wine, and although Paris and Berlin may be ideal for the habitual reveller, and those whose pleasure it is to drink all the time, they cannot beat us with their theatres, their cinemas, their cabarets and their legitimate entertainments. Our restrictions are a little irksome, I admit, but there is to be found at least one hotel or restaurant every night during the week where drinks are not removed until two."

SIR FRANCIS rose. "It used to be flung derisively at us that we were a nation of shopkeepers. That was jealousy. With the success of the 'Come to Britain' movement they will enviously cry that we are a nation of hotel-keepers. And I wait for that day."

AS I came out of the hotel an American was trying to explain to an Italian the way to Trafalgar Square. "Like this," I thought, "and Sir Francis will not have to wait long."



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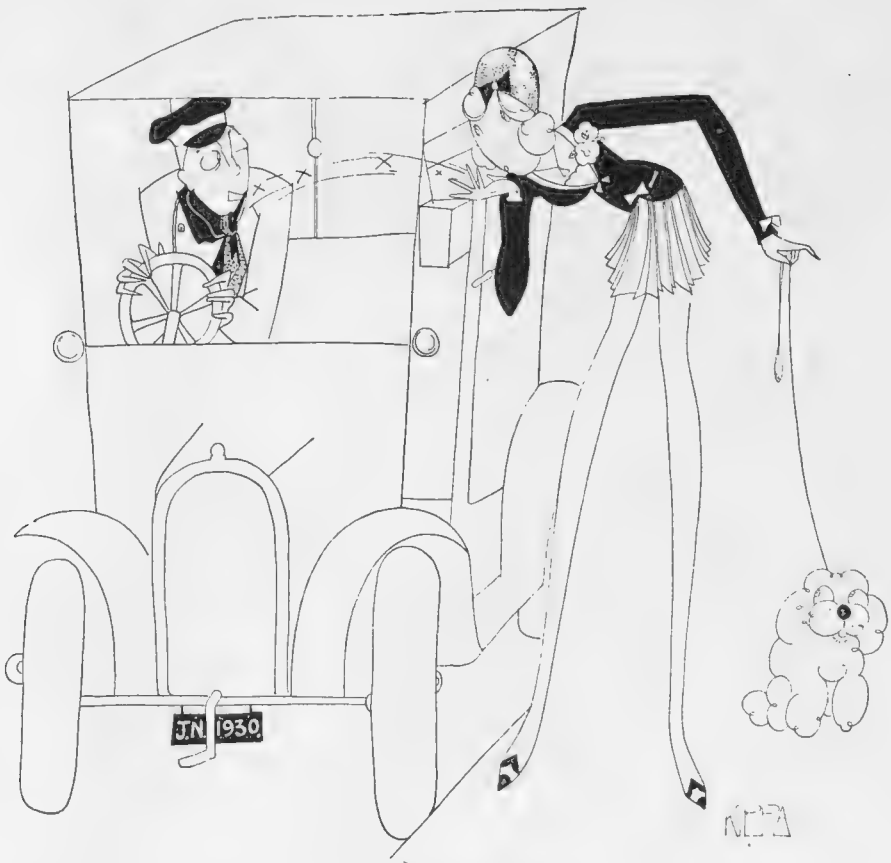
Special Portrait by Howard Coster

SIR FRANCIS TOWLE

One of the keenest protagonists of the "Come-to-Britain" movement, who maintains in the interview on the opposite page that the hotel problem is a national problem, for trade is linked up with good hotels

COMMENTS OF CHLOE



"In love with a taxi-driver"

PURSERS AND POINTERS

Illustrated by KIPPA

I HAVE done so many things lately that I am quite exhausted. Some of them have been things I like doing, and others have been "occasions" that I was forced to visit, because my family disapprove of so much that I do that I find it tactful occasionally to placate them and to attend a social function where one meets the "right people."

ONE of the things I liked doing was visiting my new club for the first time. I saw no international sportsmen, unless, of course, some of the well-fed men I saw were I.S. in disguise. At any rate, the swimming pool is everything that a girl can want.

IT is surrounded with pictures of the Lido, and there is mixed bathing from nine till midnight, and cocktails. I don't like cocktails, but it gives me a feeling of devilish abandon to know that they are at hand if I am inclined to call for them, and, of course, mixed bathing has always a *soupçon* of impropriety, although if I wanted to make an impression on a man I should certainly not bathe with him. I don't like female legs *au naturel*, not even the best of them, and as for the others! Well, I don't think women with legs like champagne bottles should be allowed to marry, because it spoils the average of the race.

ANYHOW, the swimming was very pleasant, although, if I have to wait as long for my luncheon next time as I did that day, I shall cease to be an International Sportsman's Club *habitué*. But I looked, *en attendant*, at "Moggy" Grenfell, who is always worth looking at, and Gladdie Brocklehurst, who is the sister of Ninie Colemore, who does the horse and dog paintings. Gladdie is one of the best-looking women in London, and she has lovely clothes, and she rides as well, or better than any woman I know.

"PHIL" BROCKLEHURST, her husband, went to the Arctic *or* the Antarctic with Scott *or* Shackleton. You can take my word for it that it was one or other of those men and one or other of those places, and very likely both, for the Brocklehursts love to be uncomfortable, and they would rather read the paper by the Northern Lights than by a convenient reading lamp. Phil always jumps at Olympia, but his horse is so annoyed at being obliged to confine his jumping capabilities within the limits of the hall that the result is magnificent but cataclysmic.

"Mixed bathing from nine till midnight, and cocktails"

APROPOS jumping, reminds me that when I last saw Borotra playing tennis I fell in love with him. I do wish I could fall in love with a taxi-driver or somebody with whom all the other girls were not in love, as it would be much more satisfactory.

AFTER watching Cochet and Borotra play I came to the conclusion that, though it is thrilling to love Borotra, I would rather see Englishmen like Collins and Gregory play tennis, because they don't hop about and smack their breasts when they mishit, but get on with the game. I suppose that a Basque is an acquired taste, just like oysters.

BUT to get back from oysters and return to my muttons, I hurried off to another young man and dinner at the Berkeley. This was the type of young man before whom waiters bow low and who never waits a moment for his dinner. We had our food in record time, and went on to see *Young Love*. I was hoping to be shocked, but either I am too hardened or else the play was not in the least shocking. I was told that the Censor was lurking in the audience, which gave me a great thrill. To me the Censor and the King's Proctor are equally mysterious. I always picture them as looking like American detectives, only dressed in Government scarlet.

EVERYBODY in *Young Love* was doing what everybody always does, only in real life they don't talk about it. I can't be impressed by young women who "give themselves" to their lovers. It makes me think of the village maiden when she "gets into trouble."

TOWARDS the end of the play one of the women went all starry-eyed and gazed into space, and I knew that she was going to say, "I shall have a baby," which she proceeded to do. Can you tell me why girls in plays get so "woozly" when they find they are to become mothers? In life as it is lived they say, "Damn!" and go off for a long ride on a pulling horse. I've never seen anybody look mystic and yearning.

SO, after being thoroughly social and "trés smart," I went to judge dogs at Richmond. As a rule, I judge the one breed I know, but this time the Kennel Club thought they would have a joke, and I judged, let us call them, Penang Pointers, which I have never judged before and shall, probably, never do again. I dressed myself extra well and walked into the ring with the air of one who knows. The broad idea underlying judging is that you shall know more than, or as much as, the exhibitors, but in this case the usual order of things was reversed.

HOWEVER, my steward who came from still another breed, was so impressed by my apparent knowledge that he asked me all about their points, but I stepped on his toe and told him not to ask silly questions; so he was very quiet after that, and, when I had finished judging, a fat old female said to me, "Have you often judged Penang Pointers before?" So I said, "No, never." And she said, "Well, it makes me laugh, because I have kept them since the year '88 and nobody asks me to judge them. It just makes me rock with laughter."

"Bernard Shaw undressed in a bath towel"

SO I didn't know what to do or say, and I answered, "It makes me rock, too," which seemed to me perfectly harmless, but she snorted; so I went away back to my own breed, where I showed Robert, and won a lot of prizes, and I don't think I shall judge Penang Pointers any more.

I CANNOT make up my mind where to spend my holidays, because I simply will not go to Antibes this year. I am quite sick of dressing up in "beach suits" and seeing Bernard Shaw undressed in a bath towel, although all the Anti-bites seem to think that it is a tremendous privilege. I know that the sun and the bathing and the sea are nice, but so they are elsewhere.

I AM not sure that I shall not go to the Black Sea. I have been there before, but it was in the winter, although the atmosphere on the boat was so "hot" that it did not much matter.

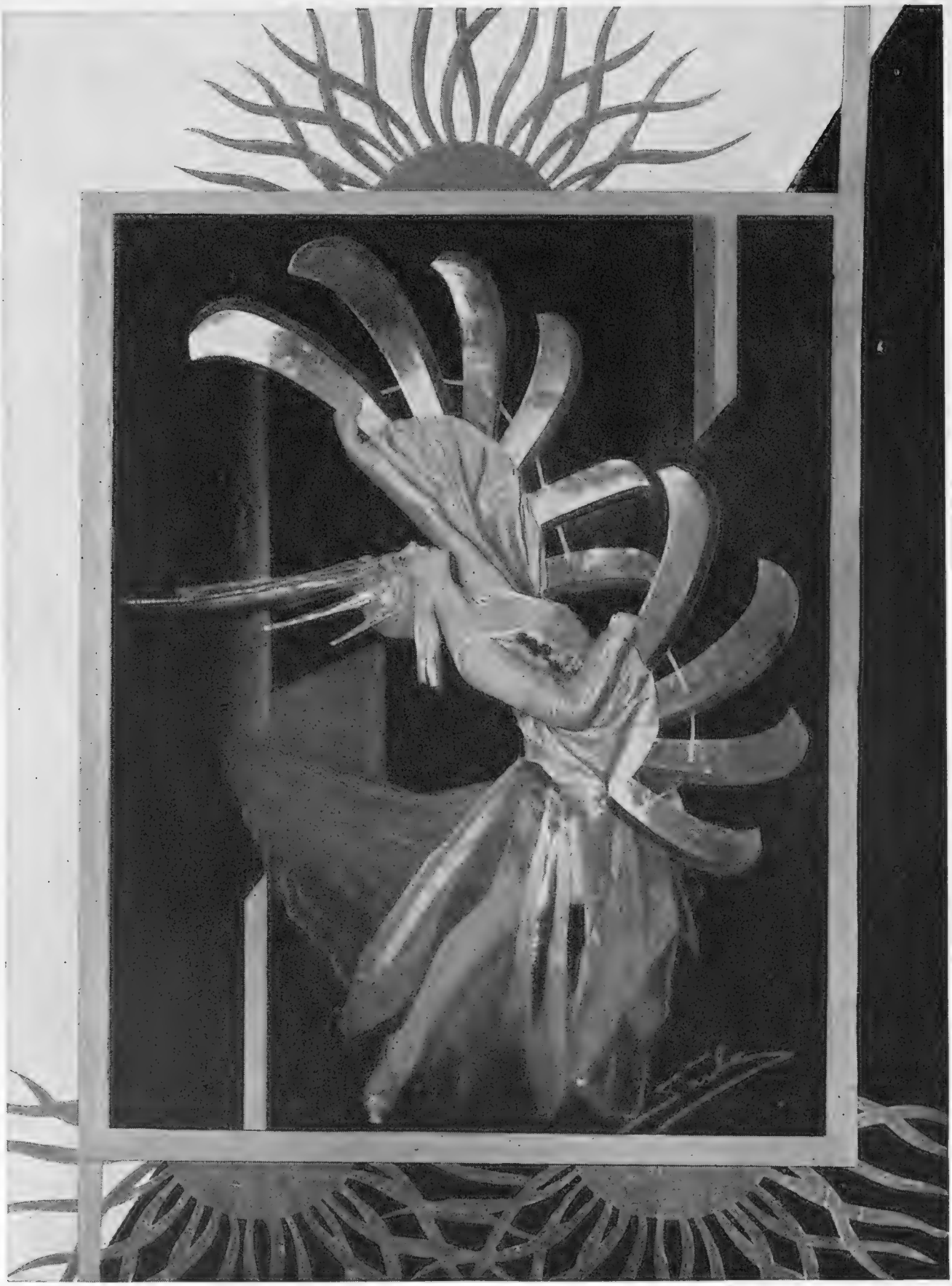
IT was a nice line called—never mind—and they have good-looking officers and frightfully thrilling food. The second day out the purser asked if he might come and smoke a cigarette in my cabin about twelve o'clock; so I said, "Oh, don't bother, although it is very kind of you," and he said it was no bother at all; but I locked my cabin door, being a nice girl.

SO about twelve o'clock he came down and rattled the handle a little, and then he went farther down the passage. And then five minutes later the chief officer came and called politely through the key-hole to know whether he might speak to the purser. So when I told him he wasn't there he also went farther down the passage.

NEXT day at luncheon the chief officer apologised for disturbing me; but, said he, "I made sure that the purser was in your cabin." And a Turkish lady who was at the table got quite cross and remarked, "I don't know why you imagined that, because I can tell you he was *with* me!"

SO instead of being thought a nice girl I was thought a poor fish or mutt who couldn't get a man, and so I think I should like to go to the Black Sea again as I am now two years older and, perhaps, wiser.

Chloe



Sasha

A striking study of the popular young dancer, Miss Tilly Losch, who has been delighting London audiences in "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion. She has arranged the dances of "Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operetta, which was given for the first time at His Majesty's last Thursday

MELODRAMA OF THE PAST

Stage Photo Co.

"DEAD! DEAD!!"

The Villain, complete with bowie knife and foreign decoration, faces the Hero and Heroine. A scene from the revival of the old melodrama, "The Face at the Window," at the Little Theatre

By Hannen Swaffer

WHEN, during *The Face at the Window*, the face really appeared the other night, it was just like my own past coming back and looking at me—I mean it was horrible.

Here was Willie Clarkson sitting next to me, whiskers and all, in all seriousness, and Alan Parsons sedately taking notes, while they acted, in all solemnity, a play that, when I was a youth, used to fill me with horror.

Indeed, afterwards, in the *Daily Express* office, a crime reporter confessed to me that, when he was a boy, his elder brother took him to see it, so he could not sleep at night. Nan Marriott-Watson, the actress, whose father toured the play for twenty-seven years, told me the same. She could not sleep for weeks when she saw it. Nowadays, it scarcely keeps you awake.

THOSE were the days, of course, when we believed in the drama. Only once, in our recent lives, have we believed again, and that was when they brought *Dracula* to London, and people believed so much that they had to have a nurse standing in the *foyer* to deal with the cases of fainting.

"I was with you in *Dracula*," said a woman to a friend of mine the other day.

"I don't remember you," he said.

"No," she replied, "I was the nurse in the hall."

WHEN they put on *Dracula* at the Little I did not think it would run a week. Jose Levy, the lessee, looked at it for ten minutes and then walked out and never saw it again. Yet it filled his theatre for six months. Violet Melnotte, to whose theatre, the Duke of York's, it afterwards went, could not look at it at all. It was the only play she could not stand.

Yet it crowded her theatre.

Well, they thought *The Face at the Window* would be another *Dracula*.

NOW let me remind you of some of the jokes you and I used to laugh at when we were young, because we heard them all over again.

"I have got heartipation of the palp," said the comedian. . . . "Great rattlesnakes, children! . . . What with all the murderses and the ghosteses and the daggerses and faceses I don't know where I am."

Now, do you know that in the late days of good Queen Victoria this sort of thing made all England rock with laughter?

"You be careful, my little man," said one of the characters. "I am not your little man," replied the comedian, "I am her little man."

"We are, we is, we am"; and "That flat-footed antipopilus," were other remarks intended to create a nice warm feeling of merriment.

"Canaille!" yelled one of the characters, suddenly lapsing into French, although everybody was supposed to be speaking it. "Yes, you can," replied the comedian. They said this twice.

NOW, do you know that all this was written by a son of the late Dean of Christ Church, New Zealand, and that he based it upon a short story by his father! It has run on for thirty years.

I tell you all this to remind you that you and I used to love this sort of thing—faces at the window, wailings of murderers who apparently wailed to tell the police that they had murdered

WHEN WE BELIEVED IN THE DRAMA

THE END OF THE DUEL

The Villain and the Hero in a midnight encounter, what time the Comedian puts in some heavy work on the right

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

The French detective holds up the Apaches—to say nothing of the Heavy Villain—in another scene from "The Face at the Window," at the Little Theatre

somebody, knives found stuck in corpses.

You remember *The Grip of Iron* and *The Stranglers of Paris*; even Henry Arthur Jones, you know, conspired to write, in *The Silver King*, a scene in which a man knelt down and thanked God for causing a train wreck so that he could be saved from arrest! The late Mr. Gladstone is said to have taken this seriously.

STILL *Dracula*, of course, beat all the records. It ran for a year in London with a cheap company, and then Horace Liveright bought the rights for New York. I seriously warned him.

"Don't be a fool," I said.

When he got to America he offered a half-share of it to Al Woods on condition he could have a quarter-share of *The Fanatics*.

"You can have a quarter-share of *The Fanatics* for nothing," said Al, "but I wouldn't have *Dracula* at any price."

The Fanatics ran about ten nights in New York; *Dracula* repeated its London success and ran a year.

A man ate flies and boasted of it. They talked nonsense about garlic, which apparently annoys vampires as much as it annoys me. The heroine had to go to bed with garlic round her neck. Then, being wise, the other characters left her to Dracula.

YES, it all reminds me of my past—you know, the *East Lynne* nonsense, when Madame Vine, pronounced with a long "e," screamed, "Dead, dead, and he never called me mother," a play so much dated now that, when they revived it a week or two ago at the Regent, King's Cross, she had to utter her scream to the music of "Sonny Boy."

No, you must not laugh. Cultured Lyceum audiences used to go along with white gloves on and bustles and fans and sit there, most reverently, while Henry Irving acted *The Corsican Brothers*, *The Lyons Mail*, and *The Bells*. Those were quite as silly as *The Face at the Window*.

The Bells was ludicrous. Irving used to stand, holding curtains behind him, wearing a nice white ballet shirt, while he said, "I did not kill the Polish Jew," as though he really meant it. Then some silly sleigh bells used to be heard in the wings. When Herb Williams did this in *Many Happy Returns* people called him the funniest man in the world.

YES, and they still take this sort of thing so seriously that, when Sir John Martin-Harvey recently toured two of these plays, it was seriously announced he was going to wear the same trousers as Irving did, or carry the same sword, or something like that.

I was asked to print it!

AS for the old Adelphi dramas, they have gone on somewhere ever since. Stock companies revive them in the Middle West, although, of course, they alter them a bit—*Harbour Lights*, *The Bells of Haslemere*, *The Fatal Card*, and *The Bugle Call*, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, playing a nurse, was discovered by Pinero for the Paula Tanqueray.

WELL, some of those days are now to be revived properly—at least so we are told. All the Marcus Superbuses of Ancient Wigan and Ancient Goole, and all the Glabrios and Tigellinuses and Stephani—there are literally thousands of people who have played in *The Sign of the Cross* all over England—are now coming to London because that ancient drama is to be revived. They all want the job and they all know it all by heart.

It is one of the most interesting problems now facing the theatre world—will Wilson Barrett's great melodrama date, like all the others? Once it almost created a union between the Church and the stage. It was the only play that millions of goody-goody people were allowed to see. Choir-boys were taken. Mr. Gladstone had it specially performed at Hawarden.

I wonder if *Journey's End* will date one day?

H. S.

BY JACK GREENALL

"I live in the country now, you know. It's terribly dull"
"It must be. What do you miss most?"
"The last train!"

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "The Stranger Within," at the Garrick Theatre. Malcolm Keen as Simon embraces Molly (Olga Lindo) regardless of the effect upon the little one

IF GOSSIP

THE season is rapidly approaching when a good portion of those who can afford holidays take them afloat. For the *grande semaine* at Deauville and the attractions of oiling and sun-bathing oneself to a deep walnut-colour at Juan-les-Pins are restricted to the few whose doings at both those spots are so widely and so tediously chronicled. I do not see why they should be, since such places need not be any more expensive than any other part of Europe, except, of course, the leading hotel at any English seaside resort, with nothing to do all day except to watch the rain; and nothing to do at night except don a dinner-jacket (a great rite, this) and eat a bad imitation of a French dinner. *De gustibus* . . .

THE seafarers are, most of them, hard-worked people who want their voyaging made easy for them. That, presumably, is why they join one of the big liners specially detailed for a cruise, and become, for the nonce, members of a floating boarding-house. I am not going to say that that is not an excellent thing to do, if one has gregarious tastes. Personally I should be far too frightened of that ubiquitous pest, "the life and soul of the ship," the man (often a parson or a retired Army officer) who *will* organise things, wake you up from a doze in a deck-chair to join in a sweep on the day's run, and generally incite homicidal tendencies. It is because they don't do these things in French boats that I prefer them.

BUT the greatest destroyers of the rest which people go to sea in order to obtain are the children. In one boat I remember the children had a portion of one deck to themselves, and were not allowed elsewhere. It was a Dutch boat, and I have admired the Dutch ever since. But, short of this, a simple rule might well be laid down that all children when at sea should wear rubber-soled shoes. A healthy child rarely walks anywhere; it runs, and when it runs on a wooden deck in leather-soled shoes it makes such an appalling din that I marvel that the cases of children falling overboard—by accident, of course—are so few.

MR. J. H. THOMAS—the fidelity with which, in his speeches, he still manages to drop every "h" is a fine example of democratic window-dressing—is of opinion that the Labour Party will remain in Office for forty years. Is there any reason why it should not? Think of what the leaders of the party held out and the way the party organ backs them up! Think of what Socialist speakers promised at election time and will promise when it comes round again!

TELL voters by the million (whether or no you are aware you are a charlatan) that they will get at fifty an old

By HYNES

HE: "Are these pedigree pups?"

SHE: "Oh, yes! They won't speak to either of us!"

WE MUST

age pension equal to the normal wage of a worker, that the State will do everything for them, ease them of every responsibility, and sap all their self-reliance, and that this will all be done at the expense of those whom these experts in class-hatred have already held up to envy and detestation—and the trick is done. The only point is whether it will take forty years to reach this red millennium. Red hell is likely to come long before that. It is, curiously enough, "Jim" Thomas who may help to avert both.

THAT ardent but most comfortably circumstanced Socialist, Lady Cynthia Mosley, whose husband had just made a mess of a big chance in the House of Commons, was at Covent Garden for the first performance of the new ballet, *The Ball*. This was certainly the strangest of the many Covent Garden balls I have known, and not the least pleasant. Rex Evans, Rowland Leigh, Ernest Thesiger *et hoc genus omne* were there to welcome it, and a swarthy-complexioned, exquisitely dressed young man who was talking it over with Lady Hawtrey was probably the wealthiest person in the theatre, for he was the son and heir of Mr. Bernhard Baron, who, it was rumoured that night for the first time, is about to become one.

RIETI, the composer of *The Ball*, I was introduced to by Diaghileff. He is a clever young Italian, and can talk English far better than Diaghileff can. Diaghileff, who, like the Guitrys, has had a very long association with this country, is, also like the Guitrys, either unable or unwilling to speak the language properly. I expect the latter in both cases. Sarah Bernhardt never would, of course, utter a syllable of English. She relied mainly on Willy Clarkson.

AFTER the ballet-fied ball at the opera I went on to a real one at the May Fair Hotel, given by Sir Alfred and Lady Butt. This was a most cheery affair, and admirably done from the culinary point of view—the latter partly due, I suspect, to the presence among the guests of Sir Francis Towle (who *is* the May Fair, and other hotels). For never had chefs so spurred themselves to perfection, never had waiters rushed about so deftly, and never had plates been so hot.

ENGLISH GIRLS AS RUSSIAN BALLET STARS

John Craven
MME. DANILOVA
A clever young English dancer. She is one of the most accomplished dancers in the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden

John Craven
MME NIKITINA
Another English girl who has danced her way to fame in the Russian Ballet

WHAT a much more sensible arrangement than the old-fashioned one of going down to supper and getting some, with difficulty, when the party is half over, was this idea of starting the show right away with a meal. The thing was not launched until midnight, so that various theatrical celebrities could come along after their work, and in twenty minutes everyone, sitting at separate tables in most diplomatically organised groups, was happy. It was like an evening at the Embassy without the *mauvais quart d'heure*.

LORD ASHFIELD was among the dancers—a very few nights before in this very room I heard him and "Jim" Thomas have a polite political slanging match. Lady Butt took the floor—I believe that is the phrase—with her young son, and Sir Alfred showed us how to put the "bal" into Balham. Evelyn Laye looked prettier than Lily Elsie, and a precisely equal number of people thought that Lily Elsie looked prettier than Evelyn Laye. Everybody thought Owen Nares far handsomer than Harry Welchman except those who thought Harry Welchman far handsomer than Owen Nares, and Ivor Novello handsomer than either. Lord Cromer, off duty as Lord Cham-

AMANULLAH'S EVENING STROLLS

By S. C. M.

"Are you secretly married to Helen?"
"No. She knows it!"

DULL DAYS

LIFE'S very dull in Town to-day
And thrills are hard to find:
Our Ramsay Mac's not gone by 'plane
To help his Party's cause again
And leave his colleagues to explain
That criticism causes pain
To ev'ry Labour mind.

The Courts are closed, no cause célèbre
Can set our tongues aquack,
No divorcee so frail and fair
Can furnish us with tit-bits rare,
No longer counsel talk hot air—
"Refreshers" out of court's their share
Throughout the whole Long Vac.

The Bright Young People are subdued.
They give us nothing new,
For every one is leaving Town
For coast or moor, for stream or down.
On tennis courts to get renown
Or on the green to get nut brown—
Would I could join them, too!

But stay! One thrill we got when Lady Alexander saw
Within her room one night last week
Four wicked men who had the cheek
To threaten her—likewise the Peke.
For such a thrill some girls would eke
Stay here for evermore!

B. W.

berlain, was this time more concerned with the band than the banned, and his partner was Mary Newcomb. What Lady Alexander wore is beyond mortal man to describe, but there seemed to be a lot of it.

FROM a friend staying at the Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix at Marseilles, which at the time was the temporary residence of ex-King Amanullah, I learn that that monarch is a good deal more subdued than he was when he stayed, in the days of his glory, at Claridge's and the royal procession to the ballroom was apt to be a matter of some little embarrassment. His Majesty was given to patrolling the corridors of the Marseilles hotel alone at all hours of the night, and occasionally rushing into the Rue Canebière for a breath of such little fresh air as exists there at this time of year or to give royal patronage to an all-night chemist. The Queen and the numerous brood remained invisible nearly all the time, but not inaudible.

I HAD, by the way, occasion to go to Marseilles myself the other day, although I had not lost a throne. Travellers who associate the journey with the usual route to Paris, and more than twelve hours in a train on top of that, may be interested to know that, thanks to the Air Union, I was in the Haymarket at 9 a.m., and at 7.15 p.m. dining in the Restaurant Basso off the *bouillabaisse* that only Marseilles knows how to make. This seems almost miraculous.

Topical Press

Lord Thomson removing his goggles after flying to Heston Aerodrome. With him is Sir Sefton Brancker complete with one goggle

TOP HATS AT GOODWOOD

HIS Majesty the King will not, of course, be at Goodwood, so that delectable meeting is likely to be what is technically known as "shorn of its glories." But there are always glories at Goodwood, just as there are always birds in the "Birdless Grove," and just as all roads don't lead to Epsom. There is the presence of the sea air—the sight of the sea shimmering in the distance away beyond the spire of Chichester Cathedral may be some consolation when the "bookies" have done with you—and there is the absence of tall hats.

I HAVE only seen two tall hats at Goodwood. One was on the head of the veteran Earl of Coventry, who remembers when they wore tall hats at cricket, and is a law unto himself, anyway. The other adorned one Pat Somerset, who married (*a*) Margaret Bannerman, and (*b*) Edith Day, and is now, I believe, married to someone else—not that that matters much. I heard of a third person—a poet, too—who felt his position so acutely that he took a taxi down into Chichester, bought a bowler, and on his way back collided with a charabanc. Three months in hospital—for wearing a tall hat. He no longer considers Goodwood glorious.

I WAS amused at the indignation of a shopper in one of the big stores the other day when the cashier refused to take Irish money in exchange for a purchase. "We take your money, and you'll have to take ours one day," said the indignant Irishwoman. Still, if a country will insist upon breaking up a union and becoming a Free State such little disadvantages as an unusable currency in England must be borne with equanimity! I hope that if ever Irish coinage is accepted over here it will not be the thin end of the wedge, and we shall all be expected to understand Erse!

Wide World Photos

Mr Philip Snowden, who in an ill-advised moment attacked Air Defence, in the seats of the mighty at the Air Pageant at Hendon With him are his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henderson

Pacific and Atlantic

Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard receiving the Princes and the Duchess of York at the Air Pageant at Hendon. Sir Hugh, who is universally popular, is retiring from active command and is likely to be given a Governorship

A CORRESPONDENT who reads the classics for enjoyment sends me the following, which, freely translated, can be found in Book V of Quintus Curtius, an author who, it is supposed, flourished in the early Empire. The best seller of those early days was obviously a discerning critic of the opposite sex, for he wrote: "Even in the case of the women their disposition is no softer for their sex; their hair sticks out in bunches, their clothes are above their knees, and they bind their foreheads with a *bandeau* (literally—sling)." Nothing changes, does it?

LADY DANCE was lucky in the weather on the day of her garden party, for it was a cloudless day, and a really hot one, too, the only snag being that top hats were warm to wear—at least I found one so. The band of the Scots Guards dispensed sweet music, and the pipers of the same regiment dispensed what is music to everyone born North of the Tweed; while several palmists, working in quiet and secret, were kept busy throughout the afternoon. It was hard to believe that this lovely garden, situated by the side of the Regent's Park lake, is almost in the heart of London, so sylvan are the surroundings.

FILM NOTES

Dolores Costello in a feathered dress she wears in "The Glad Rag Doll." Lady Eleanor Smith says she is badly dressed, but our expert consultant claims that her costumes are perfect. Which is right?

Miss Costello's Costumes

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"The Glad Rag Doll," at the Piccadilly

THIS has really been rather a remarkable week. For the first time in my life I have gazed upon a Dolores Costello immune from grief and unmarred by tears; I have actually seen this actress not only smile, but laugh heartily; I might almost, indeed, say that I have seen Costello sprightly. This lady is, incidentally, endurable when comic, for I much regret to say that on previous occasions I have been literally unable to sit through some of the films in which she has sobbed and groaned her way through innumerable vicissitudes, and I not only sat through "The Glad Rag Doll"—and the title, by the way, had prejudiced me unfavourably—but I was conscious, while I sat, of a pleasant, dreamy sort of content which I suppose steals into the fibres of one who is being amused and entertained.

MISS COSTELLO, therefore, is preferable as a comedienne, being definitely unsuited to the *rôle* of tragedy-queen. (I am a little bitter because this actress once ruined "Moby Dick," otherwise "The Sea Beast," for me. Perhaps, however, we should blame Mr. Barrymore.) But to return to Miss

DOLORES COSTELLO
Wearing an outdoor costume

Another scene from "The Glad Rag Doll," the new "talkie" Costello, who plays lead, is seen on the left, the other

Costello, otherwise Mrs. Barrymore; the atrocious enunciation with which she distinguishes herself in "Noah's Ark" has, fortunately, become a thing of the past, and she now speaks her lines with a pleasing clarity and humour. This in itself delighted me, for the simple reason that it is always refreshing to watch a broken blossom waxing facetious.

I HAVE, however, a purely feminine criticism to make of Miss Costello, and since on the occasion of my visit to the Piccadilly Theatre the audience was largely composed of members of my own sex I feel that, on the whole, this criticism is justified. We are asked, then, to believe that the heroine of "The Glad Rag Doll" is a musical comedy star of Broadway, the kind of girl (I quote from similar films) "who drives strong men mad," and whose weekly salary would make a Prime Minister's annual one seem a very foolish trifle indeed.

SUCH a girl must obviously be dressed in the very best that Paris can offer, and there is no use denying that Miss Costello is very badly dressed indeed. Nowhere before, indeed, have I seen anyone capable of blending the picturesque and the *outré* with so signal a lack of success as this actress; and one felt that her managers, instead of offering her a new contract with every appearance of satisfaction, would instead have sent her hotfoot to the best dressmakers in New York. Nor is this young woman's coiffeur in any way more becoming, for she is curled and crimped like a Barbary lamb, and insists upon cloaking an intelligent forehead with a cloud of what I believe are usually known as kiss-curls. Yet, notwithstanding handicaps of this nature, Miss Costello is unable to disguise the fact that she is a very pretty girl.

Stage Photo Co.

Dorothy Dickson and Arthur Margetson, both of whom recently joined the cast of "Hold Everything," at the Palace Theatre. They are seen in one of their duets

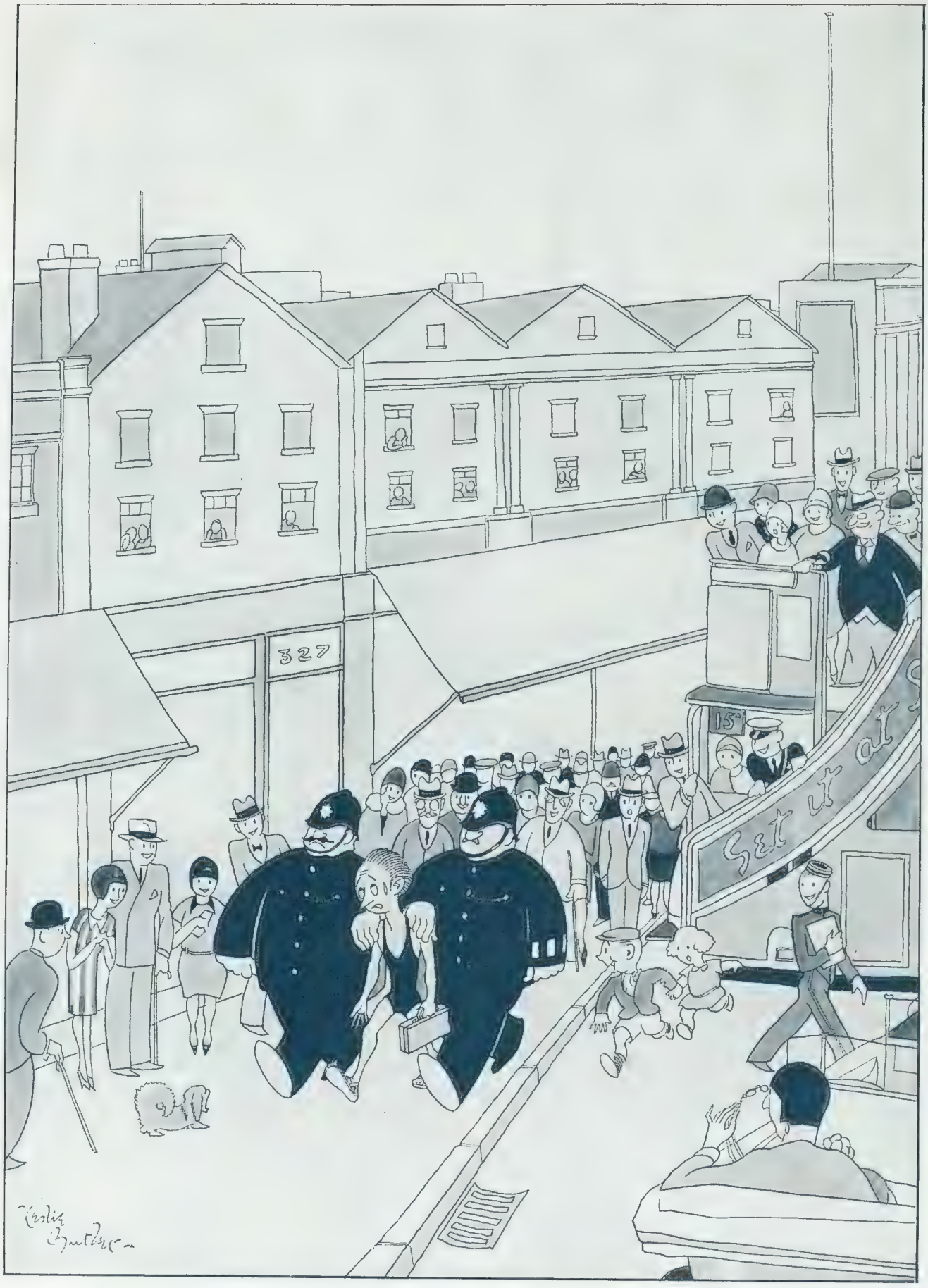
which is now to be seen at the Piccadilly Theatre. Dolores two players being Ralph Graves and Audrey Ferris

AS for the film itself, it relates the amusing adventures of a sharp-tongued, good-natured actress in the home of a snobbish Philadelphian family, and is frankly farcical from start to finish. Annabel Lea, the actress, is engaged to the younger brother of an individual referred to with bated breath by his relations as "the head of the family." This gentleman tries most earnestly to buy off the actress, and when she refuses money he invites her to stay for the week-end, hoping that her vulgarity may disgust his younger brother. What really happens, of course, is that he himself falls madly in love with Annabel before dinner-time. The girl meanwhile keeps her eyes open and discovers several unpleasant little secrets about the impeccable family.

THE respectable aunt is a kleptomaniac, the equally respectable uncle is philandering with his secretary, and the snobbish sister is secretly married to her own chauffeur. The actress keeps these discoveries to herself, but when she finds that she has fallen in love with the elder brother she decides to leave the house, and before she goes she indulges in that delightful pastime known as "giving a piece of her mind" to the whole family assembled at the breakfast-table. Needless to relate, she marries the penitent head of the family just before the final close-up.

"THE Glad Rag Doll" is excellently acted by Miss Costello herself and by Mr. Ralph Graves, but, although the splendid cast includes such competent people as Dale Fuller and Claude Gillingwater, the real success of the evening was scored by an unknown coloured actress, superb in the part of Annabel's maid and dresser.

E. S.



BY LESLIE BUTLER

THE MAN WHO TOOK DEAN INGE'S DRESS REFORM TOO SERIOUSLY

BY BROADFOOT CARTER

THE AGE WE LIVE IN

Miss Hetty Nockall, the Baby Champion, goes on to Court, supported by her Fans

FIRST COME—

BY WILL OWEN

-FIRST SERVED

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES

Jellies of Quality

10 Varieties.

Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange, Pineapple, Greengage, Blackcurrant, Cherry, Lime Fruit and Vanilla.

Pint 4½d. Packet

Clear as crystal—firm, yet melting in the mouth Rowntree's Jellies always turn out well. They lend themselves to the making of innumerable dainty dishes, delighting the eye with a rainbow of shimmering colour, and the palate with their varied and delicate fruit flavours.

Here are three happy thoughts for the sweet-course—and you will find many more in Rowntree's Recipe Book or Chocolate and Jelly Dainties, free on request to Rowntree's, B.12. Dept., York.

HARLEQUIN WHIPPED JELLY.

Take half of each of four Rowntree's Jellies of contrasting colours and dissolve (separately) in hot water, making each up to quarter-pint of liquid. When almost set, whip up the first jelly to form a light sponge, pour into a mould and while this is setting whip up the second jelly, pour this into the mould and proceed similarly with the third and fourth jellies. Allow the whole to set.

ITALIAN TRIFLE.

Place 4 small sponge cakes in wet glass dish, cover with 1 Rowntree's Strawberry Jelly dissolved in 1 pint hot water. Allow to set. For custard: boil ½ pint milk; mix 1 teaspoonful Rowntree's Elect Cocoa with a little of it; add remainder of milk; cook a few minutes; let cool slightly. Beat 1 egg with 1 oz. sugar; pour on cocoa. Reheat gently, stirring till it thickens. When cool, pour over jelly; garnish with whipped cream or blanched almonds.

RASPBERRY BLANC-MANGE.

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Take out a small cupful. Make a custard by boiling ½ pint milk and pouring it carefully upon 1 egg beaten up with 1 tablespoonful sugar. Return to saucepan and place over gentle heat, stirring all the time; do not boil. Allow to cool. Add larger portion of jelly. Mix thoroughly, pour into wet mould and leave to set. When turned out, garnish with the cupful of jelly chopped very small.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"FIRE"

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Illustrated by STEPHEN SPURRIER

As Daphne St. Helier leaned back in her seat at the theatre, politely accepting the programme which Louis Davenant put into her hand, she thought, with a faint smile, of how funny life was and how safe! There they were, a couple of comfortable, civilised friends prepared to enjoy their staid evening together before she went back to her husband, who, if he hadn't had a cold, would, as usual, have enjoyed the evening with them.

Louis Davenant was sitting close to her, but carefully avoiding the excuse he had for sitting even closer. Daphne had never had anything to fear from Louis; it was herself that she feared.

She didn't really like her safety enough—her good, kind husband, her comfortable home and steady income, her sane and healthy children! She had married young and before she was awakened; and it was not Ralph, her husband, who had awakened her.

Fortunately, Louis had never shown her the least reason to suppose that he liked her any better than he liked Ralph. He had accepted them both, their home and their children, as a kind of composite object for his superfluous affection.

As for her feeling for Louis, it was an insane secret; but just as actors and actresses hide their names, and presumably their temperaments, under fictitious names and characters, so Daphne hid, and knew that she could go on hiding the very regrettable and quite unreasonable feeling which she had for Louis under the prosaic love which she felt for her husband and children.

She was twenty-eight; probably in another ten years' time the professional feeling would have become the real one—and this storm in her heart be like a remembered "part" which had suited her once—only too well!

She stole a glance at Louis's handsome, indifferent profile. He, too, was looking at the programme; he had bought a second one because he hadn't even wished to share a programme with her. However madly and insensately her heart beat for Louis, she could damp it down with the memory that Louis had never shown her by the shift of an eyelash or the slightest inadvertence of touch or tone that he thought more sentimentally of her than of a piece of wood. Her pride kept her out of the arena in which women try to move men; she would throw no gloves to lions, so that no one would ever know whether they would have been picked up or not.

"Sure you're warm enough?" he asked her in his careful, casual voice, as if having to be polite to a woman was the law of his being, but caring for the object of his politeness a mere uncovenanted mercy which he left to more vulnerable men.

"Oughtn't you perhaps to put on that fluffy thing? One always pays in Paris for good acting by a draught down the back of one's neck! I can get your cloak from the cloak-room if you like; I see you've got the ticket."

"No, I'm all right, thanks," Daphne said with a smile which never told Louis anything but how nice they would always be to each other without ever being any nicer.

Then the safety curtain rose and the play began. It was the usual French comedy, the eternal juxtaposition of lover, husband and wife. Since it was France they could go all the way, but the way was a little travel-worn, and the only variation possible was that there might be a second lover, or that possibly the point of pity might be switched from the wife to the husband.

The play was called "Le Jeu ne va Plus," so presumably when the climax was reached the juxtaposition would be over. The dialogue was excellent and the situations honest enough to rouse interest. There was real character in it, so that Daphne felt the sameness of what was happening touch her a little, as if it were happening to people whom she knew.

In the interval she reminded Louis of how a French friend had criticised modern English writing. "You English," he had said, "have made yourselves great out of your Bible; you had far better stick to it and leave adultery to us."

"There's something to be said for that point of view," Louis agreed. "Illicit love over here has a certain charm we can't boast of! After all, the French haven't till lately (if they do now) married for love. They've got it up their sleeve. What they do and don't do after marriage doesn't interfere with loyalty. We haven't that excuse."

Loyalty—how fond men were of the word "loyalty"! Daphne played with the programme on her lap. She, too, was fond of it, far more fond of it than she wished to be; it made her think of Ralph. She wondered if he had remembered to take his cough mixture?

"Isn't love always up one's sleeve?" she asked after a pause. "You can't arrange to keep it hermetically sealed in a tin for home consumption only, can you? I know English society has been built up on that theory, but even in the age of frills and bustles, rust and moth *did* corrupt, and thieves broke through and stole."

She didn't look at Louis while she spoke; her breath came rather faster than usual. She was so busy controlling her breath that she didn't notice that, rather markedly, Louis refrained from looking at her.

Nor did he attempt to answer her; but there was no need for him to do so, since the interval was over and the curtain rose again.

Daphne's attention fixed itself once more on the play. Her sympathy receded from its too easily triumphant lovers. They were cheating the husband; and triumphant cheating is seldom a sympathetic form of success. Daphne said to herself defiantly, "Husbands are as attractive as lovers; and they're kind! They take you to dentists and remind you to have your shoes resoled. It's all very well to think one wants a new kind of love-making; one only wants it because one's being taken care of by somebody else. Lovers don't take care of one; they hurt you like Louis hurts me. He'd hurt me more if he cared, because then he'd find out that he could. The only mercy now is that he can't find out unless I give myself away; and I shan't do that!"

A fear ran through her: had she already given herself away? No! Louis was looking unperturbed and comfortable, the look of a man who knows that the woman beside him will neither startle him nor let him down. He noticed Daphne's eyes on his face and smiled at her.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Do you like your thieves," he asked under his breath. It hadn't mattered to him what she had said about stage lovers. He knew how happy she was with Ralph. Nor would Ralph have minded if he had been here; he, too, knew how happy they were together. If only she could have fooled herself as easily as she had fooled them!

The obscure but obstinate discomfort in her heart which was following the players seemed suddenly to have gone beyond the stage and to be at large in the theatre itself. Daphne saw nothing to account for the sudden faltering of the heroine's clear voice, but she knew that Louis, too, felt the discomfort; he moved nearer to her. Her body stiffened to meet the shock of his touch, and then vibrated to a sudden, hideous tension: a voice cried "Fire!" The shriek was like a flame catching at gauze. Fear, which lies so close to the surface of human hearts and is so thin a substance, was instantly ablaze. Shriek after shriek rang out all around them.

A deadly little puff of smoke crept out from the wings —the safety curtain shook—hitched itself against some unseen obstacle, and before it fell the actors and actresses disintegrated and ran to and fro about the stage as if they had never been on it before. The curtain fell at last, but there was smoke on both sides of it now—no light innocent little puffs, but a dense, menacing cloud.

After the first shock of infectious panic Daphne was unconscious of fear; she was only conscious that Louis, for the first time in all these years, had touched her. His arm was around her.

"Look here," he said urgently, "we'll stand quite still in this corner by the painted door; it won't open, but we'll be alone there." He half-pulled, half-carried her out of the plunging, stampeding crowd.

Daphne gave one quick glance at the exits and then looked away again. Flames were not more terrible than that mass of hopeless, helpless human beings crushing and tearing at each other.

Louis put both his arms round her and said in his usual voice, but not with his usual eyes; "Daphne, my dear, I'm sorry, but I love you. I've always loved you! D'you mind?" It was as if her life, which didn't now depend on anything, depended on his words.

"Oh, Louis! Louis!" she whispered, pressed against his heart. "Tell me! Tell me again!" She forgot the awful, thickening pall of smoke soaking up the light, soaking up the air. She forgot even the breathless, pounding, bestial noises of the struggling crowd. Her eyes let down their barriers, and Louis gazing into them, forgetful too, bent his head down to hers until their starved lips met.

There was fear somewhere, and hurry, but they were outside them. Death crept away to distant doors and left them their little moment on the edge of doom.

Louis said passionately: "All these years! all these years, my darling! She felt his arms tighten around her; a blinding pall of smoke drifted about them, catching at their breath. She hid her head against his breast and prayed for the end, but not as one who feared it. Not even pain could touch her ecstasy!

A crash and a rush of cold air flung them apart. The painted door beside them was broken open from without; firemen rushed in; the cruel safety of rescue was upon them.

They found themselves standing, bewildered, in the crowded street. A fleet of ambulances tore past them; rain fell on their faces. They turned down a narrow side street out of the reach of screams.

A taxi-driver, full of explosive French sympathy, with his eye on the main chance, pursued them, drawing up close to the pavement. This was the real world and they were safe.

"You'd better jump in," said Louis. "You have no cloak, remember." Daphne looked down at her hands; she held in one of them half a torn programme and the cloak-room ticket. She stared at them as if she had never seen them before.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything about the things in the cloak-room now," Louis persisted, with the old protective irony in his voice, "but I'll keep the ticket in case I can get in later. Where do you want to go?"

He asked her that, as if there were still an alternative. His eyes, careful, controlled, without a flicker in them of that mad light, met her own questioningly.

Daphne turned away her head. He looked down the street towards the still smoking theatre. "They've got it under," said Louis, in the same quiet voice.

Ralph was at home; he wouldn't, thank God, be worrying about her yet, and the children would be fast asleep in bed. There was no such alternative. "Le jeu ne va plus"—she did not know if she had said it aloud.

The driver said, "Alors! Montez—montez donc, madame et monsieur!"

"I'll go back!" Daphne stammered. "I'll go home—

I think!" She turned to Louis, bare-headed in the rain, his lips set, his eyes smiling a little—as they had smiled an hour ago—when he had asked her so easily, as if it could never concern them: "Do you like your thieves?"

Nothing was any different—they had only been caught in a storm. The lightning had not struck them. They had seen the sky open and the whole world shine with a strange light. The sky had shut again. There was no such light.

"Well," said Louis gently, taking the cloak-room ticket out of her closed hand, "jump in!" She obeyed him mechanically. "I think you're wise," he continued, "but I won't go with you. Give my love to Ralph."

Phyllis Bottome

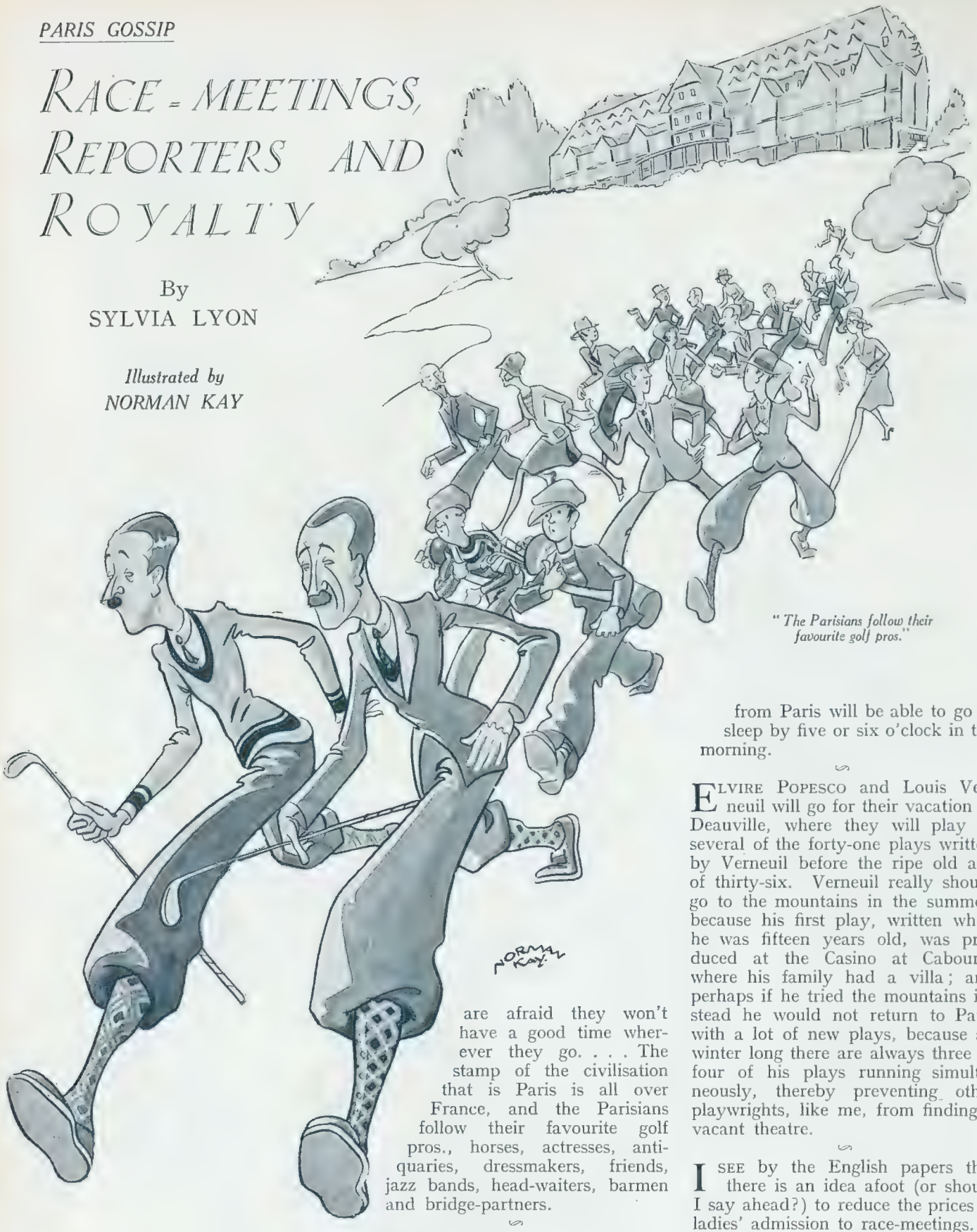
"After the first shock of infectious panic Daphne was unconscious of fear"

PARIS GOSSIP

RACE-MEETINGS, REPORTERS AND ROYALTY

By
SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by
NORMAN KAY



"The Parisians follow their favourite golf pros."

WHAT, I wonder, is the Parisian's definition of a vacation? It can only mean to get away from his own four walls, for he never admits wanting to go away for a rest. The only people I ever heard exclaiming over the need of a rest are those who are afraid they won't have a good time wherever they go. . . . The stamp of the civilisation that is Paris is all over France, and the Parisians follow their favourite golf pros., horses, actresses, antiquaries, dressmakers, friends, jazz bands, head-waiters, barmen and bridge-partners.

REYNALDO HAHN, who has composed the music for an operetta, so far unnamed, written by Sacha Guitry for next autumn's production at the new Théâtre Pigalle, will direct the summer's music at Deauville. Billy Arnold, whose band plays at Cannes during the winter, will come North to play at Deauville, so all the poor, tired business men and women from Paris will be able to go to sleep by five or six o'clock in the morning.

ELVIRE POPESCO and Louis Verneuil will go for their vacation to Deauville, where they will play in several of the forty-one plays written by Verneuil before the ripe old age of thirty-six. Verneuil really should go to the mountains in the summer, because his first play, written when he was fifteen years old, was produced at the Casino at Cabourg, where his family had a villa; and perhaps if he tried the mountains instead he would not return to Paris with a lot of new plays, because all winter long there are always three or four of his plays running simultaneously, thereby preventing other playwrights, like me, from finding a vacant theatre.

I SEE by the English papers that there is an idea afoot (or should I say ahead?) to reduce the prices of ladies' admission to race-meetings. I think this is a very good idea. It reminded me of a story told me yesterday by a boy who was an eye-and-ear witness at an amusing Longchamps incident. The present prices for entrance to the *pesage* is sixty francs for men and forty for women. Anyhow, at the gates the other day appeared the two daughters of a French noble who has gone into the

(Continued on page 210)

BY JORGEN MYLLER

OUT FOR A DUCK

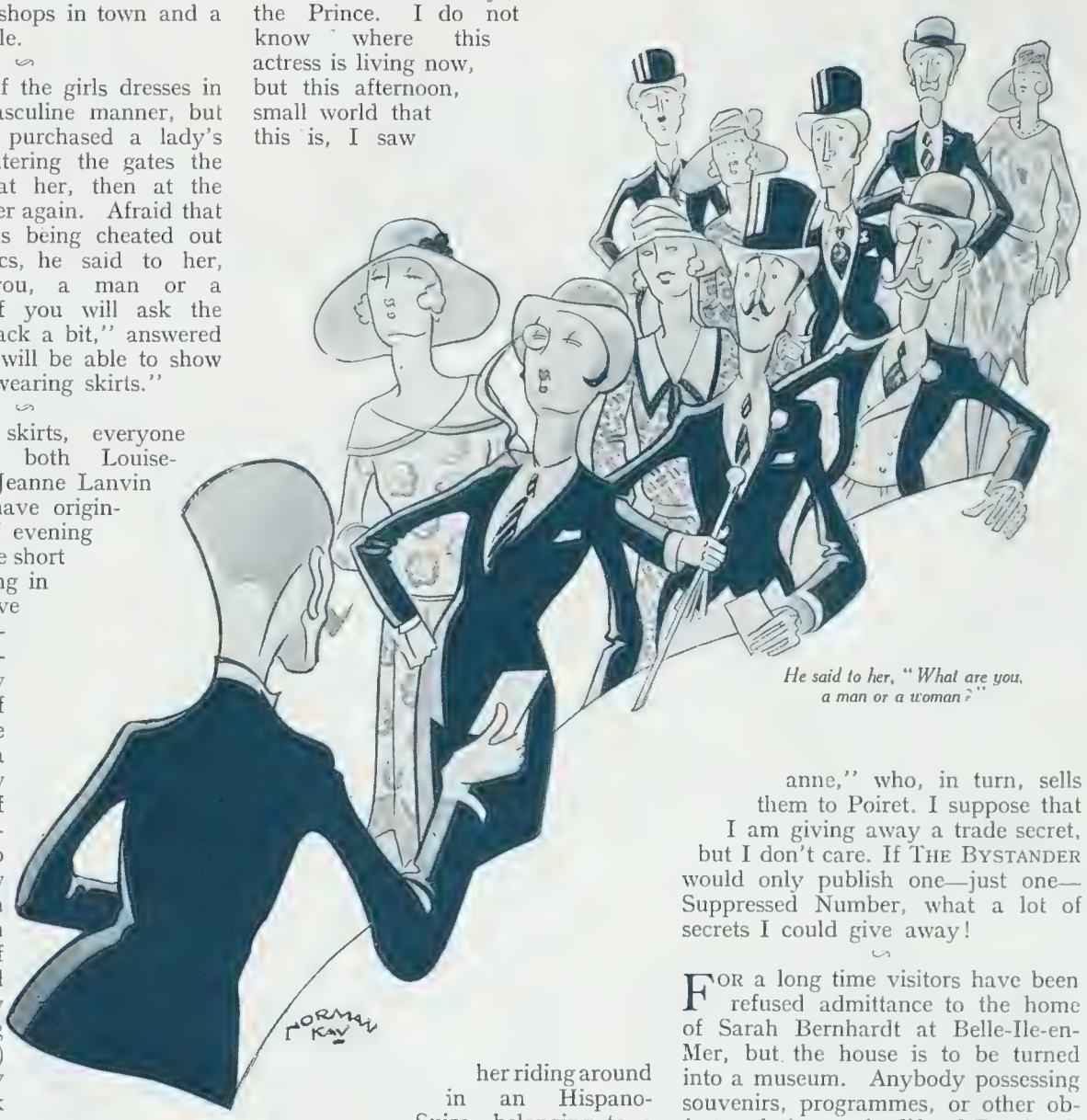
PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 208)

antique business, and who runs two very successful shops in town and a third at Deauville.

WELL, one of the girls dresses in a very masculine manner, but quite naturally purchased a lady's ticket. On entering the gates the official looked at her, then at the ticket, then at her again. Afraid that Longchamps was being cheated out of twenty francs, he said to her, "What are you, a man or a woman?" "If you will ask the crowd to step back a bit," answered she coldly, "I will be able to show you that I am wearing skirts."

SPEAKING of skirts, everyone knows that both Louise-boulanger and Jeanne Lanvin both claim to have originated the idea of evening dresses which are short in front and long in back, but I have just seen something that, following this purely feminine trend of fashion, goes one better. At Olga Hitrova's I saw nightgowns of pale yellow chiffon, with a deep border of yellow lace, short in front and long in back, so that if you are tired and go to bed early one evening (heaven forbid!) and somebody telephones to ask you out, you, being a modest young girl, do not like to admit that you are not dressed, and say, "Yes, I'll be ready in five minutes," and, looking in the mirror, you decide that nobody will know the difference, anyhow, if you are in a nightgown or an evening dress unless a policeman happens to see you.

A REPORTER from a Paris newspaper just this minute telephoned me to ask if I knew whether a certain European Prince was in Paris, and I became very sarcastic, and said to the reporter: "No, I do not know if he is in town, and I don't know him either." And the reporter asked: "Do you know anybody who does?" And I said, "Oh, of course, *of course*. Last year I was living at the Hôtel Majestic, and a beautiful Roumanian actress was living there who told me quite proudly that her husband had divorced her because he suddenly imagined that one of their children looked exactly like the Prince. I do not know where this actress is living now, but this afternoon, small world that this is, I saw her riding around in an Hispano-Suiza belonging to a South American I know, so why not telephone him and ask *him* if his lady friend knows where the Prince is, then you will all be shot, and she will go riding in an ambulance instead of an Hispano, and you will have a wonderful front-page story."



He said to her, "What are you, a man or a woman?"

I DO not think the reporter appreciated my suggestion, although he did ask me if I'd go out to dinner with him some evening, but I suppose that would only be to get some more information out of me. But, after all, that is exactly what I deserve, because I am always asking questions, too.

FOR instance, I saw embroidered velvet evening wraps on the Princess Nicholas of Greece and her daughters Elisabeth and Marina. I thought they (meaning, of course, the coats) came from Paul Poiret, and I was right, but then I was wrong, for the coats are made by a Russian disguised under the name of "Marianne," who, in turn, sells them to Poiret. I suppose that I am giving away a trade secret, but I don't care. If THE BYSTANDER would only publish one—just one—Suppressed Number, what a lot of secrets I could give away!

FOR a long time visitors have been refused admittance to the home of Sarah Bernhardt at Belle-Ile-en-Mer, but the house is to be turned into a museum. Anybody possessing souvenirs, programmes, or other objects relating to the life of Bernhardt can send them to the Association des Comedien Combattants, at 35, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, in Paris. The museum will be opened on August 1.

S. L.

THE only difficult thing about proposing to a girl under a summer moon is to keep from making a success of it.

WE have often noticed that the people who hope they don't intrude almost invariably do.

ONE of the most welcome sights we know is a road-up sign on the way to the dentist's.

As the disgruntled dramatist said of the dramatic critic, "To the pooh-er all things are poor."

AMONG the people we have put on our black list for ever is the prize ass who says, "Good lord, what a wonderful likeness," when we show him our passport photograph.

JUDGING by the number of motoring accidents reported in the papers, it would seem that when some people get a new car they can hardly wait to try out its non-shattering windscreen.

Good Looks On Court

Mabel Robey

MISS EVELYN COLYER

A young player with a pretty action and a powerful overhead service. She is one of the most graceful of our young players at the present day

Alfieri

MISS JOAN RIDLEY

Possessed of a very powerful forehand drive, she is a brilliant retriever of "impossible" balls She recently won the Singles and the Mixed Doubles, partnering G. O. Crole-Rees, at the East of England Championships at Felixstowe

Lenare

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

Who is in the front rank of British girl players. Her engagement to Mr. E. O. Fearnley Whittingstall was announced last week

A NEWSPAPER recently asserted that our women lawn tennis players were ugly, or at the best plain. That this is far from being the case is proved by the above photographs of three of our leading players, whose good looks compare very favourably with those of girls who either favour a different sport or play no games at all

Tennis Yesterday and To-day

By PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

As usual, the Wimbledon Championships have brought up the age-old question: Were the players of twenty-five years ago the equal of the champions of to-day?

The arguments rage hotly; the question can never be settled. There were giants of old, and there are giants to-day. Let us leave it at that.

Of course, one of the differences is the conditions under which the game is now played. Even on the Old Centre Court at Wimbledon, for instance, it was quite a common sight to see an umpire with at most three linesmen to help him. In those days it was not considered necessary to have foot-fault judges and a series of linesmen all round the court for service and other lines, as it is now.

Not a very big difference, perhaps, but one which possibly led to a little less confusion than the "too many cooks" so often do to-day.

Tennis balls, for instance, are much "livelier" nowadays, a fact that increases the tendency towards the "hit or miss" style, as there is no doubt that the flight of this ball is much faster and more difficult to control than it was with the less inflated variety. Again, the game may be more difficult to-day, more "speeded up," and generally more skilful, but a great amount of the accuracy, and with it a modicum of "touch" and "finesse," has perhaps been lost This, I think, is the secret of the main difference between present-day play and that of twenty-five years ago.

It is not so much that one player is better than another. It is that conditions have changed. More players have naturally come into the arena. With newer ideas and all sorts of patent methods of hitting the ball, the game may have been said to have improved, anyhow in *quality* if not in *quantity*. To my mind, however, the classic style has never needed altering. The style that was winning matches in 1900 is still winning them to-day, as typified by two of our young players, Austin and Nigel Sharpe, who, although not yet in the Tilden class, have been helped by their perfect stroke production to the already very high place which they occupy to-day.

Theirs is a style eminently suited to grass courts, whereas some of the imported ones from the East and various parts of the globe, where very high bounding courts are played on, have made it practically impossible for their owners to win their matches over here, in spite of physical abilities and volleying powers of a very high order. These exotic ground strokes can never "function" satisfactorily with the normal bound of an English grass court. Of course, the biggest difficulty any man is faced with in trying to win the Championship nowadays as against the past is the physical stamina required to go through a series of matches, nearly all of which may be strenuous from the very start.

Sport and General

THE MODERN PLAYER

Two competitors in the Jersey Lawn Tennis Tournament not only with bare legs but in shorts. What would the Wimbledon officials think of this style?

With 128 men in the "draw," as at present, seven matches must be played before the coveted Championship can be won, and of these at least five may be more or less "all out" affairs.

In the last few years this fact has had a distinct bearing on the names inscribed upon the Roll of Honour. Tilden's, for instance, might easily have been there, say, four or five times instead of twice since 1920, if the competition had been a three-sett one!

The Championship, of course, has always been five setts, but the entries in the old days were far fewer in quantity (probably amounting to only half the number), and, if I may say so without offending anyone, the quality of the rank and file was not nearly so high! Therefore your prospective champion came to the final round a far fresher man than he does to-day.

Of course, it must be remembered, too, that prior to 1922 the holder stood out, and, to defend his title of the previous year, had only to play the winner of what was known as the "all comers" singles. While we are going back to the old records, the following may be of interest:

Two periods are noticeable for their consecutive wins, namely, Renshaw and his brother, who won the Singles Championship from 1881 to 1889, nine years running, with one break, when he (Willie) did not defend his title. And again the Dohertys, who had a series of consecutive wins from 1897 to 1906—ten years, with only one break, in 1901, when the elder brother was too ill to defend with any chance of success!

It is very interesting to wonder whether this long sequence would have been possible under the present circumstances.

Foreign competition in the days of the Renshaws was limited to Irish players from the well-known Fitzwilliam Club, and an American or two, such as Sears (uncle of the present Miss Sears) and Dwight.

During the ten years' sequence of the Dohertys' supremacy, American invaders had increased, but even then there were no Frenchmen over, and, so far as I know, the game had hardly been begun in other foreign countries. Much as one must admire the Dohertys' play—I regard them, in fact, as fully equal to the players of to-day—this sequence, to my mind, would have been quite impossible under present conditions.

The first Wimbledon after the War Gerald Patterson took the Championship. After this, two years of American supremacy in the form of "Big Bill" Tilden, another win in 1922 for Gerald Patterson, one more isolated victory for America, this time by "Little Bill" Johnson in 1923, and after that the start of the present long regime of French supremacy.

In the ladies' event we had an English cycle of successes from 1909 to 1914, but from 1919 to 1923 Mlle. Lenglen reigned supreme, Miss McKane won in 1924 (when Mlle. Lenglen scratched), the French girl won again in 1925, and we had our last English victory in 1926, when Mrs. Godfree carried off the title. Since then Miss Helen Wills seems as firmly established as lady champion as the French boys do for the men's event, and one can only note with interest the swing of the pendulum, which, after the withdrawal of that great star, Mlle. Lenglen, from the amateur ranks, leaves France in the matter of ladies' play very far down the scale.

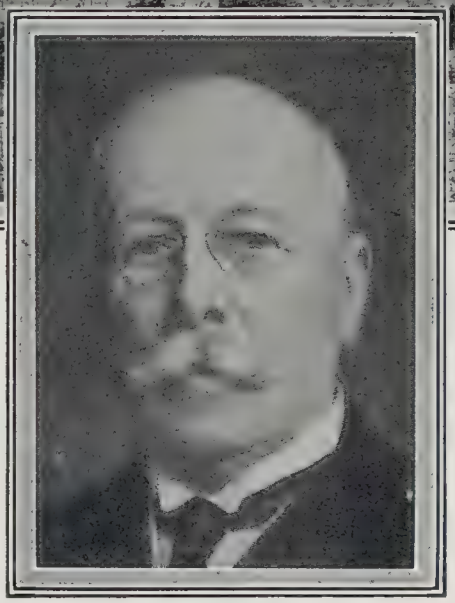
YOUR EMPIRE WINEGLASS

By IAN DUBH

A PORT WINE FARM

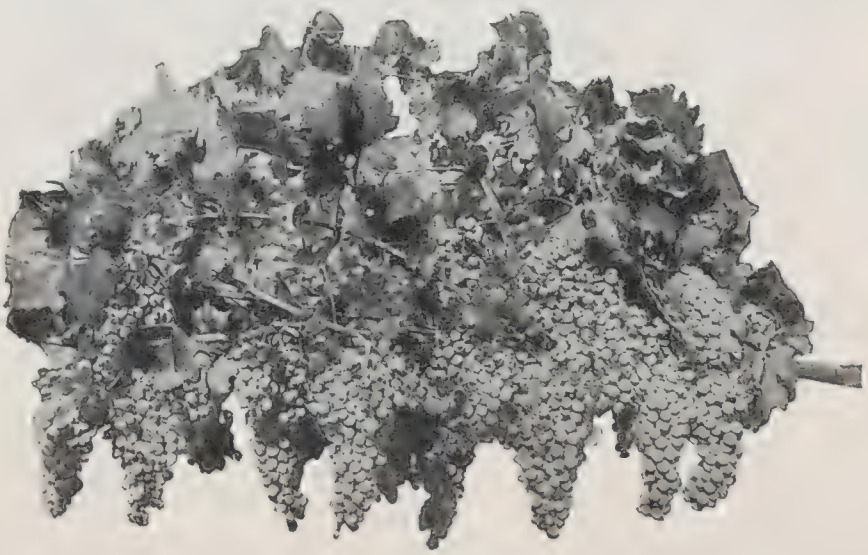
AT GROOT CONSTANTIA

A famous Scottish comedian was asked by the minister's wife, who was of a reforming turn of mind, "Why do you drink whisky? It doesna quench your thirst." To which he replied, "No, mum, and I shouldna drink it if it did."



The pioneer of Empire wines, Mr. P. B. Burgoyne, head of the famous House of Burgoyne

The problem in front of most of us to-day, however, in selecting our drink is to obtain one that will be thirst quenching, and in these hot days it is difficult to find a better drink than one of the light South African hocks, such as Drakenstein or Paarl Amber, which are pleasing to the palate and do not make extravagant demands upon the purse. It has been fashionable in the past to scoff at Empire wines as a very poor substitute for the products of France and Spain, but probably few people appreciate that a very great difference exists between the wine trade of the world to-day and that at the end of last century.



A fine cluster of grapes in an Australian vineyard

The vine scourge Phylloxera spread through the vineyards of the world and left but one or two small areas unassailed, South Australia and Tunisia among them. It is now generally admitted by experienced judges that there will be no return to the perfection of these pre-Phylloxera days. The place of the old vines has been taken by the American Phylloxera resistant vine stock upon which the wine varieties were grafted. This American stock is different from the European vine in that it is fibrous rather than tap-rooted.

South Africa to-day is sending wines to the United Kingdom of unusually fine quality, and Australia, which during the last fifty years has established a repu-

DESSERT WINES OF MERIT

tation in this country for full-bodied burgundies, is now producing burgundies of still higher quality which should be given the same maturity and consideration that is demanded by the high-class wines of the Bourgogne district of France. The finest growths of France, Germany, the Douro or Jerez cannot be beaten or even equalled. Many of these are exquisite productions above all criticism, they are wines for those who can afford them, but not all of us are overburdened with wealth, and yet many of us desire our two glasses of wine at dinner. For such as these, the Dominions supply a want, and supply it as no other country can do at the price.

Grapes being brought to the press at Mount Ophir during vintage time. Upwards of 50 tons are treated daily

A WINE merchant of considerable standing recently summarised the position in this way. "If you have from three to five shillings to spend on a bottle of wine I can give you better value for your money from Empire sources than from any other." This is undoubtedly true, and for those who desire to have a good wine at a reasonable price they will find that South African hocks, burgundies and clarets offer value that certainly cannot be excelled elsewhere, and all brands of these can be bought to-day at prices ranging from 24*s.* a dozen upwards. They are thoroughly matured and ready for the table, but the real wine lover who desires a wine at the very apex of its quality may think it worth while to lay them down in bin and give them a still further period to mature.

THE writer tasted recently a South African claret of the 1917 vintage that had been in bottle for eight years. It was a delightful example of what can be produced from Empire vineyards with proper care and attention. The buyer of Empire wines will, however, do well to beware of looking for a vintage wine. The time will come when vintages of South African and Australian wines will be obtained in this country, but labels bearing vintage marks will be of little value until the vineyard has obtained a reputation corresponding in importance to that of the finest growths of the Continent.

THERE is a fine range of Empire dessert wines—Constantia, a South African wine, associated with the noted district of that name, where vines were first planted two hundred and fifty years ago by the Dutch settlers of the Cape. Constantia is a sweet, heavy wine of considerable popularity. Pontac, another South African wine, like the Australian Tawny Ophir Rich, approaches more nearly to the accepted port type. The Australian White Ophir Rich is less sweet in character, a delightfully clear wine and pleasant to the palate. But I have found no dessert wine from the Dominions with so peculiar a fascination as Burgoyne's Muscat of Alexandria, a sweet dessert wine with a quality of its own. This is sold at 63*s.* a dozen and is worth a trial by anybody who is looking for good value at that price. The Victoria district of Australia produces an inexpensive chablis and a fine wine of the hock type known as Weeta, while Australian burgundies have been popularised under three or four brands which are too well known to need specification.

TO those who desire to buy within the Empire, Empire wines may be confidently recommended, not as a matter of sentiment but because quality is the greatest inducement to their purchase by all those except the very few to whom money is relatively no object. Although I am writing about wines the list could be increased to include other products, including, for example, South African Brandy, which is considered so good that many London hospitals are now specifying it for medical use.

I. D.

Fermenting tanks at Mount Ophir Winery. The Californian pumps raise the warm juice to the surface, where there are coolers

Life's little lapses

"Worthington, please - the top-end"

FLYING NOTES

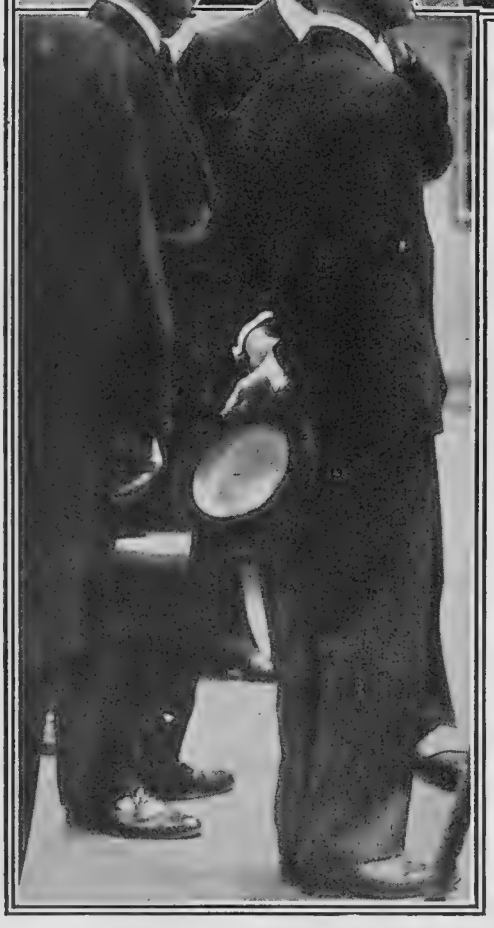
NEW 'PLANES FOR OLD CARS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Photopress

AT OLYMPIA

A general view of the International Aero Exhibition opened by the Prince of Wales last week



Keystone View

AFTER THE OPENING

The Prince of Wales inspecting some of the wonderful exhibits at Olympia after he had opened the Aero Exhibition He displayed a keen interest in the Show

The First Aircraft Saleswoman

It depends largely on the car, of course, but there are still a few Moths at Olympia, or within call at Stag Lane or Heston, that can be exchanged in whole or in part for a car, and Miss Spooner, as the first aircraft saleswoman, can give first-hand information as to why flying is preferable to motoring. A car will be a necessary evil for some time yet to those who do a lot of running about in towns, but it has already ceased to be a pleasure vehicle, giving up first place to the light 'plane.

Light Seaplanes

Although "seaplane" is a generic term denoting an aircraft which operates from the water, most people think of it as an aeroplane with floats instead of wheels. There are three types of light aircraft which are attracting a lot of attention at Olympia, all designed for operation from the water The Short "Mussel" with a Cirrus Mark III follows the lines of the earlier model, but the fuselage has been redesigned, giving a more streamline effect, and the engine has been completely cowled. The floats can be detached quickly and replaced by a light wheel chassis, so that the "Mussel" can also join the other light 'planes as a direct competitor on land. The standard Gipsy Moth has been produced as an amphibian, the entire floating and amphibian gear being designed and built by Short Bros. Mr. Scott-Taggart is taking the first machine of this type, which on test showed no appreciable difference in performance to that of the ordinary Moth on wheels. The "Cutty Sark" is a light flying boat with two "Hermes" engines, and is the forerunner of a "cabin cruiser" class, which is certain to become very popular with those who can handle motor boats and yachts.

The Gipsy Reliability Tour

The Gipsy Moth on trial is still going strong, and seems quite happy in spite of the fact that its engine has completed 500 hours with nothing but routine external attention. Everyone who flies the machine comments on the excellent running of the engine.

Lest we Forget

To-morrow is the 20th anniversary of Blériot's historic flight across the Channel, which ended our insularity and made us a Continental nation. From a harmless but noisy contraption the flying machine developed into an engine of destruction, and it was not until ten years later, in 1919, that a single event disposed of the idea that aircraft would be of value only for war. The North Atlantic was flown non-stop by two Englishmen, the late Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, who made the passage at 115 miles an hour. The Vickers Vimy with its Rolls-Royce engines is now in the Science Museum, South Kensington, and, by courtesy of the French authorities, Blériot's famous machine has been brought over to occupy a place of honour for the Conversazione to be held there by the Royal Aeronautical Society to-morrow night. A distinguished company including most of the foreign notabilities who are attending the Exhibition, will be present. Applications will be received by the Society from non-members, ladies being specially invited. Orders and decorations will be worn for the occasion, which includes a reception, a lecture, music, and a buffet.

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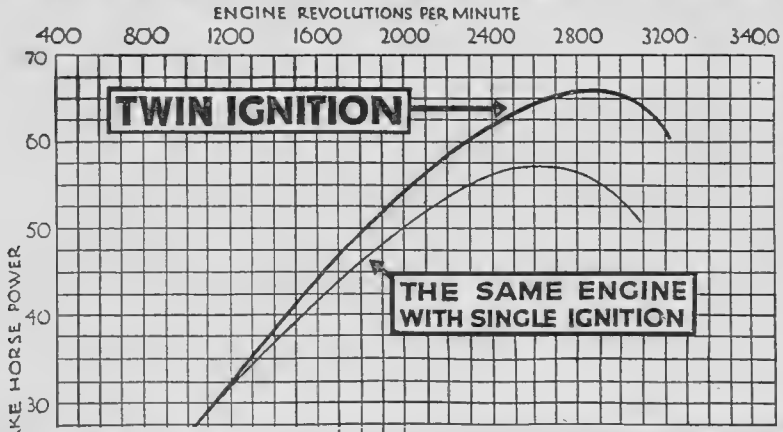

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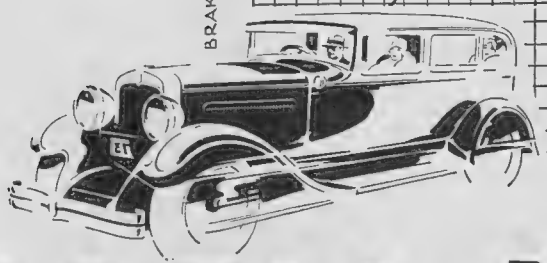

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NASH MOTORS
(OPPOSITE LORD'S)

By Treyer Evan

Coach (to Channel Swimmer): "*I say, change your course. You're making for the Atlantic and America*"
Channel Swimmer: "*Well, what about it?*"

Portland Club Decisions

By "Aces Easy"

The Portland Club has given a decision on a point submitted to me by a correspondent, which should be of great interest to a number of players. I therefore set it out at length.

⁂

Our old friend South was playing the hand, and he had got the contract with a pre-emptive bid of four hearts. He held seven hearts, three clubs, two spades and a single diamond. The red minor was opened, and dummy went down with the ace-queen to four. He determined (correctly) not to finesse, and played the ace, making a mental note that he could never lose a round of that suit. Unfortunately for his schemes he omitted to play from his own hand, and gathered the trick with only three cards, unnoticed by the other three.

⁂

At the fourth trick East got the lead with the guarded heart queen, and led the diamond back. South, full of his mental note, ruffed, and at the end of the hand was left with two cards, while the opposition and dummy had one each. One of South's cards was a trump and the other the obnoxious diamond. East claimed a revoke. South claimed that the diamond was deemed to have been played to trick 1, and, legally speaking, was not in his hand when he ruffed the second round of the suit.

The Portland rule that a revoke has been committed.

⁂

Another case of interest is the following. It was a joke against myself. I was playing in a rather weak game with one strong player, sitting East. I was in with a no-trumper. I had the top diamond, the top heart, and the second and third top spades. I led a spade, taken on my left by West, who led a diamond to clear her suit. I then "took" the trick with the queen of hearts! My partner did not ask me; I gathered the trick. East remarked: "That is our trick," and took it away from me.

⁂

West rose to the occasion with brilliance and led a heart. East made the balance of the tricks, putting me two under contract and scoring a revoke to boot. The Portland upholds the correctness of his procedure. I hereby issue a solemn warning to all players: "Look at every card before you play one. It is as easy as kiss-your-hand to draw the wrong card, especially if you are one of those who play a couple of tricks mentally ahead of the current (physical) trick.

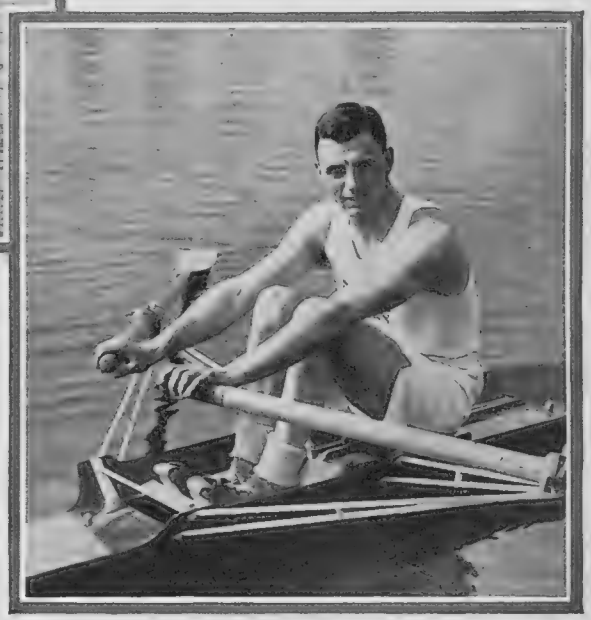
We have all been told to consider the first trick, how it groweth: to formulate one's plan of campaign before playing the first card of the hand from dummy: to stop, look, and reason before making a possibly irreparable mistake. This is all very sound, but it can be pushed to extremes. One player of my acquaintance, for example, objects if dummy throws out a singleton from dummy on an ace lead! Theoretically correct, of course, but in practice an infernal nuisance. But caution is advisable. The other night I played with a man I had never cut with before, and he had, under the intoxication of 100 aces, taken me out of spades into no-trumps twice. My hand was K-Q-J-10-x-x-x of spades; K-Q-x of hearts; Q-x-x of diamonds, and chicane of clubs. The opening lead was a heart, and my partner played the queen from my hand, leading the diamond queen through for a finesse—which went down. A second heart was led, taken with the ace in his own hand. The spade ace followed, and four tricks in diamonds. The queen of clubs was taken by the king, and three more hearts cashed in! If he had played the ace of hearts to the first trick, he had three hearts, seven spades and two aces certain.

Of such is NOT the Kingdom of Heaven!

One man beats three

LEFT.
The great race as seen from Hammersmith Bridge.

BELOW.
H. A. Barry, the World's Champion Sculler, who, alone, has just beaten three picked scullers rowing in turn over the gruelling Putney-Mortlake course.



This is a unique feat in the history of rowing. H. A. Barry sculled over four miles: his opponents each raced over only a third of the distance. Yet such was the strength and endurance of Barry that he beat each opponent in turn. In his letter on this page, Barry shows how sportsmen of every kind can improve their strength and endurance by drinking Guinness regularly.

Read what H. A. Barry, the World's Champion Sculler, writes:—

"I used to be noted for being a fast sculler for 1½ miles, but the rowing critics were doubtful of my ability to stay the full Championship course of 4½ miles. On advice from past champions, I started to take Guinness's Stout in May, 1925, and it has done me a lot of good these last four years. It has built my muscles up wonderfully and given me the necessary stamina, which I lacked before, to stay a long distance at racing pace.

"I took Guinness daily in my training in Canada for the race in which I won the World's Sculling Championship again for England, and found it of very great assistance."

GUINNESS for Strength

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. HORN AND A DUCHESS

By
RALPH STRAUS

IT seems to me that Mr. Alfred Aloysius Horn is one of the luckiest of men, and yet one who deserves his good luck. He is lucky because he happened to meet Mrs. Lewis, who is the perfect editress—I cannot think that we should ever have heard of him or his exploits or his literary lucubrations, except for her—and he deserves his good luck because he has been working hard for it all his life. As a romantic novelist he may not be in the first class, but as a philosopher who is not afraid to say what he thinks—yes, he must be ranked quite pleasantly high.

⁂

The Waters of Africa (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d*). is the third and last instalment of his life and adventures, so far, that is to say, as they relate to the continent which is usually called dark. I do not doubt that further "Horn-books" will follow, but this one fitly completes a trilogy which for sheer vigour and originality it would be hard to beat.

⁂

YOU may say, of course, that Mr. Horn is not the only painstaking writer whose misspellings and cheerful disregard for the legitimate demands of punctuation are his chief attractions, and I dare say that there are plenty of would-be novelists, also without the advantages of a high-class education, who could be quite as (unwittingly) amusing as he is. And yet, even when reading his deliciously mechanical romance, wherein hero and heroine are expected and required to act in a properly heroic fashion, and not the more lively "conversations" which so inimitably round off every one of his chapters, you cannot but be conscious that a most unusual brain has been at work.

⁂

AND so in this book you follow Mr. Horn's labours to produce a yarn—with Madagascar and the Chesterfield Islands for a background—and are privileged to see how he goes to work. Well, to me, at any rate, it is highly satisfactory to find that he experienced the usual difficulties of authors. The heroine, in spite of her diving and other acrobatics, refused to do what Mr. Horn had determined she should do, and some of the men became rather more important than they were intended to be. (That indeed, is what frequently happens, and that is the moment when most of us pray for a Mrs. Lewis. But, alas, our luck is not often Mr. Horn's, and our beautifully spelt stories die an unnatural death.)

⁂

SO much for Mr. Horn's novel, but in itself it is only a lesser part of the book, for Mrs. Lewis has been busy again, recording the great man's words, and this time he has spoken his mind on even the most delicate subjects. He has much to say about the position of women which will not please the feminists at all. And he has much to say about the harem system which rarely gets printed in English books. But nobody will be offended at the old boy's blunt remarks, and once again we must be grateful to Mrs. Lewis. Sequels are notoriously dangerous things, but it is difficult to tire of Mr. Horn's chatter, and so long as Mrs. Lewis will continue to record it, she will deserve our warmest thanks.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

The popular novelist, whose latest book, "Duchess Laura: Certain Days of Her Life," is reviewed in this article. It is published by Ward, Lock at 7s. 6d.

⁂

IT is a far cry from Mr. Horn's adventures on the high seas to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' placid portrait of a really nice woman at home. *Duchess Laura: Certain Days of Her Life* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d*.) is a quiet backwater of a book, and rather different from the lurid stories of crime which one has come to expect from its author. True, an international crook strays into its pages, and a young woman from Russia attempts to steal a valuable ruby, but for the most part it is content to show (in a series of short stories and sketches) an amiable duchess looking after her family.

⁂

MRS. LOWNDES, however, always has some kind of a surprise up her sleeve, and one is not wholly absent here. There is no actual mystery to "guess," nothing baffling about the duchess herself, no unexpected "twist" at the end. What *is* surprising is the subtle way in which the duchess's portrait is painted. Many people would no doubt think her little more than a pleasant nonentity, but in reality she is exceedingly clever. All kinds of domestic problems come her way, and almost always she successfully solves them.

⁂

YET there is nothing peculiar about her, and nothing masterful. She just goes on her own happy way, and you gradually come to realise that this seemingly ordinary person with an adoring husband and some rather difficult children is not ordinary at all, but a very remarkable woman.

⁂

THE duchess's little adventures are not all equally interesting. I confess that I was not moved at all by the absurd quarrel over her granddaughter's name. And it may be that one or two of the other sketches are a little too placid. But the book has a charm of its own, and I read it with considerable enjoyment.

⁂

I CANNOT say as much of Mr. Arthur Weigall's new novel, *The Young Lady from Hell* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d*.). This, I admit, begins very brightly indeed, but soon enough it tails off into rather dull farce. Miss William Moore is a pleasant enough minx, and her adventures at times are exceedingly droll. Unfortunately there is a sameness about them. A press stunt over an alleged poltergeist allows Mr. Weigall to be both facetious and satirical, but the fun in general is a little too stagy and the characters, other than William herself, a little too true to type.

⁂

THIS ghost business, in fact, has been done to death. On the stage it may be amusing to watch elderly colonels and starchy old ladies making fools of themselves, but in a novel, particularly in a novel by Mr. Weigall, who can be really entertaining when he likes, it seems rather silly.

⁂

FINALLY I must mention two novels of some peculiarity and distinction which have come my way. Constance Savery's *Forbidden Doors* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d*.) is the rather sinister story of a small boy's terrors in a large house which belongs to two of his uncles. A family feud has led to the division of this house into two portions, into one of which poor little Paddy is forbidden to go. That he does go there, and is forced to deny the fact, is not due to his own childish curiosity, but to the warped nature of one of the uncles. In the end affairs are allowed to become more normal, though not before the un-

(*Continued on page 222*)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 220*)

fortunate youngster, has gone through hell.

❋

Now nothing will persuade me that things could happen in this quite monstrous way. That small children can be treated with almost bestial cruelty I know, but the background of this story is impossibly fantastic. Yet little Paddy's misadventures are related so movingly, and the "wicked" uncles sketched in with such care, that you can almost forget the improbabilities. It is a most unusual story, nightmarish in places, but good to read.

❋

As for Mr. Harold Weston's *The Patchwork Madonna* (Duckworth: 6*s.*), it is certainly a brave experiment. And here once again I may quote from a quite fair blurb. "How a woman is forced to reveal the story of her life from her upbringing in a caravan to her present position as a famous actress. It is a battle of wits . . . the medium is psycho-analysis, and the author has devised an analytical method of his own. . ." He certainly has. And with considerable skill he has built up a highly dramatic story, which is revealed wholly in the consulting room. I do not, as a rule, care for such experiments, but Mr. Weston has done his work very well indeed. R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Anything might happen on the banks of a dark river in New Guinea . . . anything . . . or everything . . . and lots of things do in Norman Springer's new novel, *The Dark River*, published by Murray this month The publishers tell us that the hero is a young man who is possessed at times by the spirit of a caveman ancestor. He first becomes conscious of this influence in France during the War, when, after exploring a prehistoric cave with the interior of which he felt strangely familiar, he and his companions were blown up by a shell, and he subsequently suffered from shell-shock. The steaming banks of the Dark River in New Guinea . . . its fetid jungles . . . a lost sailor . . . a forgotten white woman and a beautiful half-caste girl . . . and an anthropologist seeking the beginning of man in the beginning of time . . . all these make this an adventure story where the movement is fast and furious.

❋

Roland Pertwee, the author of *M.W.X.X.3*, just published by Heinemann, started life as a painter, but becoming tired of this he went on the stage. He played in *S O S* and was asked to play in that great success, *Journey's End*, in America, but, preferring the freedom of the pen, he decided against this.

❋

Mr. Chesterton's admirers will welcome another series of mystery stories. In *The Poet and the Lunatics* the author has created in Gabriel Gale a character after his own heart. Whether standing on his head or his feet, or balancing himself on his head, this poet-detective solves mysteries, which become more amazing as the thrills increase. Published by Cassells on July 25.

❋

J. J. Connington has just received news that his detective story, *Nemesis at Raynham Parva*, has been chosen by the Detective Story Club of America as the most outstanding detective story to be published in July. This is the first time in the history of Book Clubs in America that any club has chosen two books written by the same author. Published here by Gollancz.

❋

Death again—and this time *Death on the Downs*, by Antony Marsden, published by Jarrolds. A story concerned with the mysterious death of Jacob Knottman, and involving a huge fortune for which a struggle ensues. We can say that never has the author written such a thrilling rapid-action story as *Death on the Downs*.

❋

In *The Secret of Musterton House*, by George Cranby, we have a mystery story that will keep the reader up all night, with occasional shivers from the eerie. Just published by Mills and Boon.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

RAREBIT. By G. de Wentworth James. (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
THE VALLEY OF ENCHANTMENT. By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
TROUSERS OF TAFFETA. By M. Wilson. (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
POISON IN THE GARDEN SUBURB. By G. P. H. and M. Cole. (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
PROCESSION. By Fannie Hurst. (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
THE WAVE. By Evelyn D. Scott. (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
JOINING CHARLES. By Elizabeth Bowen. (Constable: 6*s.*)
LIFE AND A FORTNIGHT. By Margaret Peterson. (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
THE SECRET OF MUSTERTON HOUSE. By George Cranby. (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
FOOLISH FIRE. By Doris I. Thompson. (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
DAVID MARCH. By J. S. Fletcher. (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
THE CRIMSON QUERY. By Areton Eddie. (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

BARTON ON CONTRACT BRIDGE. By F. P. Barton. (Jackson: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
KEEPERS OF YOUTH. By Arnold Ridley. (Benn: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Albert Erlande. (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE. Translated by L. A. Sheppard. (Routledge: 15*s.*)
A STOKER'S LOG. By Henry Vincent. (Jarrolds: 5*s.*)

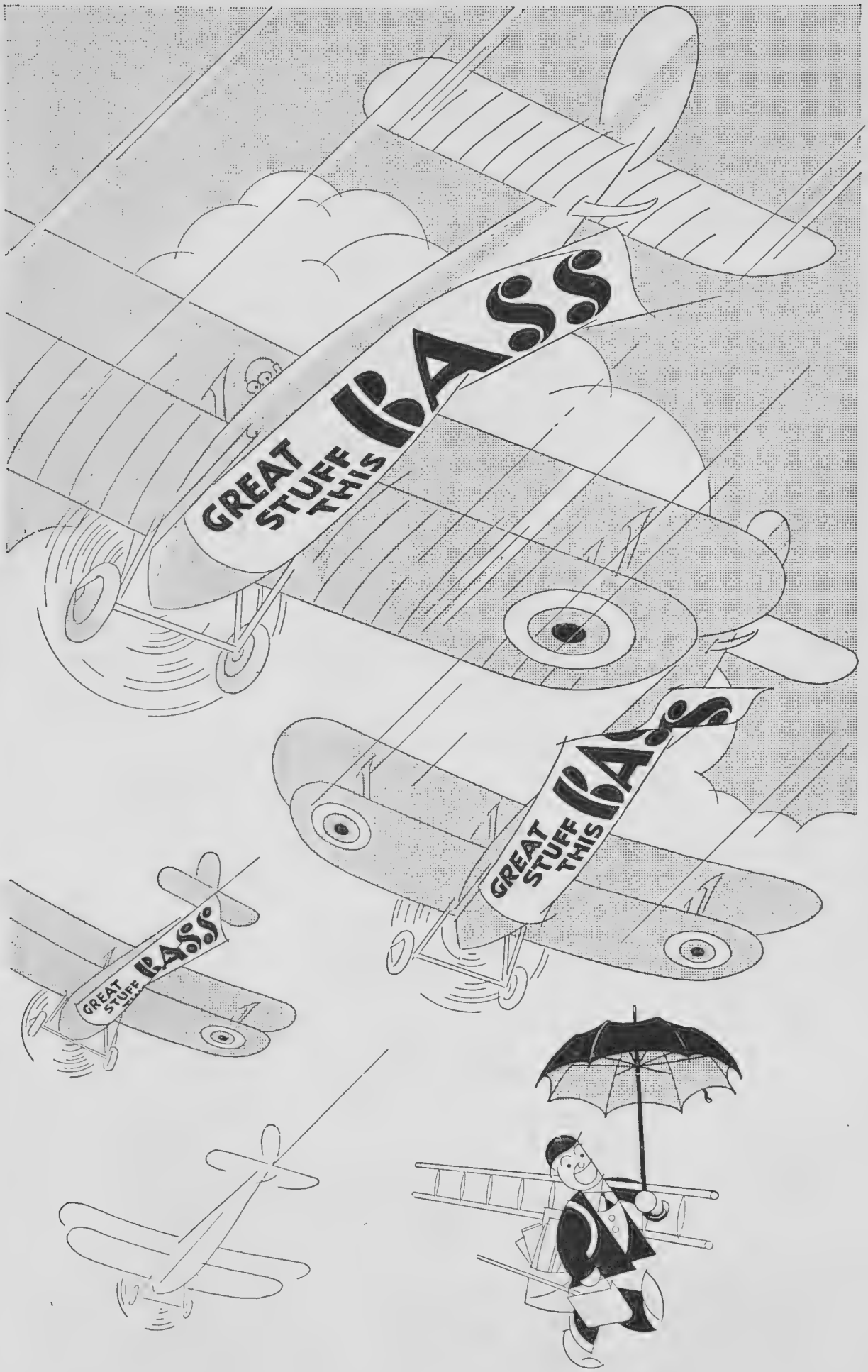
THE WORLD'S WAY IS THE AIRWAY

PASSENGERS EMBARKING AT THE AIR PORT OF LONDON

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

AIRWAYS HOUSE, CHARLES ST., LONDON, S.W.1. *Telephone: Regent* 7861

Ad 402


GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

MOTOR NOTES

IN IRELAND NOW...

By E. M. WRIGHT

The Duke and Duchess of York arriving at King's College Hospital on the occasion of their recent visit. The Duke's two 40 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester cars were used to convey the Royal party

IRELAND can always be relied upon to provide us with a thrill. Once upon a time gunmen made the ordinary motorist scurry along the roads with a prickly feeling down his spine. Gunmen are now no more; but the motorist who wants a little excitement need not despair. For the Grand Prix in Dublin has added a new and thrilling event to the motoring calendar, and one which, it is to be hoped, will remain a permanent institution.

***

THE Irish lack nothing in enthusiasm, and the racing in Phœnix Park captured the imagination of our Celtic friends. Nothing was spared to make the event a success, and a success it undoubtedly was. The beautiful surroundings of the course itself, and its position close to the city, combined to make the race a popular sporting event. Added to that, there was perfect organisation from start to finish, and both officials and police set a standard of courtesy which organisers elsewhere would do well to imitate. The race has made history, for not only was it the first of its kind to be run in the Free State but it was also the first to be held in a public park—an innovation which we might copy over here. We might, for instance, even desecrate the Row, or perhaps disturb the lions in Regent's Park—and why not?

***

AS for the racing, it was full of thrills. Till the very last lap in the big event it was touch-and-go who would win. I was sorry to see that Captain Malcolm Campbell had to retire after the 29th lap, particularly in view of the sensational local report of a practice run, which told us in cold print that he had lapped at 130 "millimetres" an hour!

***

IRELAND, of course, has yet another big motor event, the Ulster Tourist Trophy, which will be held on the Newtownards circuit on August 17. The R.A.C. has published a leaflet giving full particulars of all train and boat services, and this may be had free of charge on application to the Club at Pall Mall, S.W.1. Inquiries concerning hotel accommodation should be addressed: Ulster Tourist Development Association, 5, Donegal Square South, Belfast.

***

WHEN the 21-60 h.p. six-cylinder Wolseley was introduced at the last Olympia Show it was recognised by those who know as one of the most important additions to British motor cars; for this model combines all the best features of performance of the American type of medium six-cylinder with the principal characteristics of the British product. It has a comparatively short wheelbase and an engine of sufficient power to give it quite exceptional acceleration and top-gear performance. The chassis has all the best features of the popular 16-45 h.p. Wolseley Six. The four-door saloon has six windows, single-pane windscreen and visor. It costs but £425 with very complete equipment. The tax is £21.

***

IN the early days of motoring the test of a good motor spirit was easy volatility. Petrol to-day has to satisfy many and varied tests. It must still possess overall volatility, which is essential to quick acceleration. But with the development of the high compression engine it must further be proof against detonation or "pinking." It must have many other qualities, but these two are of chief importance. For many years the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., whose distributing subsidiary is the British Petroleum Co., have been conducting research experiments with a view to improving their motor spirit. Just recently they announced the introduction of a new and improved edition of B.P. No. 1 grade spirit, which is now to be had at all petrol filling stations. This new spirit, it is claimed, is particularly lively and possesses excellent anti-knocking properties.

***

FROM time to time the R.A.C. receives requests from London hospitals for the owner of a car to volunteer to drive a patient—who is unable to travel by train and who cannot afford a car—from the hospital to a convalescent home at the seaside or in the country. Some time ago the Club opened a register of car owners who would be prepared to help in this

(*Continued on page 226*)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

OVERTAKING.

"NEVER overtake on a corner," is the usual way it is put. Better to learn—never overtake at all unless the road is clear for the full distance ahead that you will need to complete the manœuvre. Few drivers have any idea of the distance that is covered in a short while in a motor car. Supposing you are following a car doing 30 m.p.h., and you decide to overtake. Unless your car is one of the few possessed of exceptional acceleration, the operation will take you about 15 seconds from start to finish. During this time you will have travelled 220 yards.

This gives you an idea of the amount of road you must see clear of cross roads, corners or other stationary danger points ahead. If there is another car coming the opposite way, give at least twice that distance, that is, a quarter of a mile! The golden rule of overtaking is: when in doubt, DON'T; it will pay you. Always sound the horn BEFORE overtaking another vehicle, or at latest just as you begin to overtake.

King Fuad of Egypt driving through the streets of Geneva during his ceremonial visit The car in which he is seen is a Rolls-Royce

Boys and girls come out to play!

'G.D.' it and dine and dance at Bray! the place, and 'G.D.' is how we get there.

'Bray,' says Brian, 'is Bray, where it's cool.'

So he rang up Godfrey Davis. And we just had time for a cocktail before a great Buick was champing at the door —a lovely car. So we all surged off to the Hotel de Paris.

Whether it's the food—and that's marvellous—or the service—which is perfect—or the cabaret—or the band—or the lawns and the river —I don't know what it is about the Hotel de Paris—but you must go! Really, you must!

Finest fleet of fast new cars in the world. 2 seaters or saloons. You drive yourself. No trouble, no time lost. The car is brought right to your door. When you get back we will come and take it away. Ring up Regent 7618-9,
Godfrey Davis,
26, Albemarle St., W.1.
A perfect dinner, divine dancing and intriguing cabaret at the Hotel de Paris on the river's edge.
Weekdays, 12/6; Saturday and Sunday, 17/6 per head.

'G.D.' it to the *HOTEL de PARIS* at Bray!

PRATTS MOTOR OILS ARE USED EXCLUSIVELY

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 224)

fashion, and very considerable assistance has been rendered by those who registered. The need is a growing one, however, and the demand for volunteers for this work far exceeds the supply. Further offers of help are wanted from car owners who could do this work, giving particulars of their cars and the times they would be available. It is generally possible to give at least twenty-four hours' notice when a car is required; no cases of infectious diseases are dealt with, and wherever necessary a nurse accompanies the patient. Offers of assistance should be addressed to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

***

"At Cowley," a new booklet produced by the Morris people, traces the growth of their business, with which is naturally included the career of Sir William Morris himself, from its earliest beginnings. The wonderful process of making the cars is also detailed in full. Readers of The Bystander may obtain a copy by writing to Morris Motors, Ltd., at Cowley, Oxon.

***

One of the reasons for the remarkable performance of Sir Henry Segrave's boat, "Miss England," is undoubtedly the specially designed rudder control patented by Mr. Herbert Scott Paine, of the British Power Boat Co. This enables her to corner very much more quickly than any other boat has ever done, and at the same time to do so with perfect safety.

A very convenient map for motorists is the recently published "A.A. Throughway Map of London and of the Home Counties." It is double-sided, one side giving recommended entrances and exits and ways across the metropolis; new roads, and those under construction, landmarks, golf courses, and all necessary street names. On the reverse side the "Home Counties" map, in colours, covers the whole of the area from Cambridge to Brighton, and Ramsgate to Southampton. The price (to A.A. members) is 3*s.* 6*d.*, and copies may be obtained at all A.A. offices.

A Hillman Saloon at the entrance to Attock Bridge

***

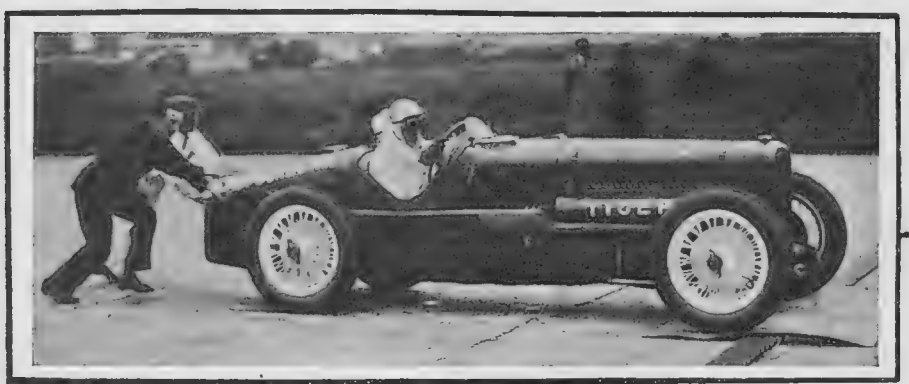
Most motorists would say that after 100,000 miles a car was "finished"; that it had served its life sentence and was fit only for the scrap-heap. Yet news comes from Coventry that a privately owned Humber car there has now completed no less than *300,000 miles*. It is still going strong, and, even after a quarter of a century's running, is capable of 40 miles per hour!

***

In a recent action before a special jury in the Lord Chief Justice's Court it was alleged against the Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., that a Triplex windscreen splintered and flew, causing serious injury to the passenger. The jury, however, returned a verdict in the company's favour and judgment was entered for them with costs.

***

Motorists who intend visiting the Continent should note that the A.A. is issuing free of charge a unique map, showing the actual conditions of roads under four classifications, marking the towns where A.A. hotels are situated, and showing on the reverse side plans of ports from which steamship services operate, together with summarised information regarding sailings. E. M. W.



KAYE DON

BREAKS 4 WORLD'S RECORDS ON WAKEFIELD CASTROL!

AT BROOKLANDS

July 1.

Kaye Don driving a SUNBEAM Car broke the following WORLD'S and International Class C Records:—

STANDING START. 1 mile at 100.77 m.p.h.

He also broke the following International Class C Records:—

STANDING START. 1 Kilo at 86.71 m.p.h.
FLYING START. 1 Mile at 136.98 m.p.h.
FLYING START. 1 Kilo at 140.95 m.p.h.

(Subject to confirmation.)

WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

— the Product of an All-British Firm

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.,
WAKEFIELD HOUSE,
CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.2

GRAHAM-PAIGE RECORDS AT MONTLHERY ON CASTROL

A standard 6-cylinder 4-seater touring Graham-Paige, driven by D. M. K. Marendaz, J. Forrest, and A. Ashby, established 5 International Class C Records at Montlhery as follows:—

4000 kilos — 3000 miles — 5000 kilos — 4000 miles—5000 miles.

Average speed for 5000 miles was 100.68 kilos, approximately 63 miles per hour. Average speed for the last 1000 miles was approximately 75 miles per hour. Finished June 28.

London—Plymouth—New York

"The Route that Cuts off the Corner."

Plymouth is the nearest port to New York. Substitute a mile a minute in the Boat Express for an indirect passage down Channel and its usual incidental call at a Continental port en route.

Direct by the

Cross by one of the three luxury-liners, "France," "Paris" or "Ile de France," of the French Line.

Five happy days in the atmosphere of Paris itself and then—New York.

There is NO QUICKER ROUTE
There are NO FINER SHIPS
There is NO BETTER CUISINE
There is NO BETTER SERVICE

French Line

Apply to
COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE LTD.
20, COCKSPUR ST. LONDON. S.W.1

OR TO ALL LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS

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Abridged CATALOGUE, over 140 illustrations. 7s. post free.

An early XVIIIth century walnut wood shaped COMMODE, carved and partly gilt.

The largest Collection of GENUINE OLD FURNITURE & WORKS OF ART in the world.

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

DOGS

A CALL FOR OVERDUE REFORM

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SPILLERS are benching and feeding the Championship Show at Cardiff today (Wednesday), and what is described as Ireland's oldest provincial Dog Show will be held at Bray, with a specially big entry of Irish Wolfhounds, Kerry Blues, and Irish Terriers, in which last-named breed there is much activity in connection with its Club's jubilee celebration at the great Irish Terrier Show fixed for July 31 in Dublin. A long list of Shows has been set for the first week in August, including, as usual, quite a number for the Bank Holiday.

THE Ministry of Labour is responsible for the issue of a pamphlet in its "Choice of a Career" series, which stressed the attractions of Veterinary Surgery. There was no exaggeration in the presentation of the advantages of this profession for lads and girls interested in the care of animals, but it offered no promise with regard to two badly needed reforms which would make it vastly more attractive, especially to large numbers of girls who are temperamentally and otherwise suited for it. It should be made possible for girls to qualify for the treatment of the smaller animals and of poultry and birds without necessarily passing through the hard manual work connected with the treatment of cattle and horses. And there is pressing need for the institution of a special degree of canine surgery; a degree that would permit of men or women practising as canine specialists.

Sport and General

A HOT WEATHER STUDY

At the Ladies' Kennel Association Members' Dog Show at Stoke Court, Stoke Poges. Mrs. P. Lewis is seen with her Borzois Mythe Petrov and Ivan of Westerton

WITH a canine populace of between three and four millions, and some sixty thousand pedigree Dogs being registered each year at the Kennel Club, the demand for the services of specialists in canine surgery is ten times greater than in Victorian times, and yet (save by the sometimes troublesome and disappointing method of personal test and experience) Dog-owners have no means of knowing who among practising Vets. are canine specialists. This is really something of a hardship, because it is quite possible for a qualified Vet., whose experience has been largely confined, say, to horses, to be entirely out of touch with modern practice where Dogs are concerned.

BY the same token there are many women admirably qualified to succeed in canine surgery who will never tackle the full curriculum, including horse and cattle work. Especially in the neighbourhood of biggish towns there is an excellent opening for women practitioners in canine surgery, and, too, in the treatment of cats, poultry, birds, etc., as every worker for that invaluable organisation the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals of the Poor, 14, Clifford Street, W.1), for example, would be only too willing to testify. It's high time the Royal Veterinary College took action in this matter.

AN APOLOGY

We have received a letter from the Solicitors acting for Miss Helen Wills in which they state that their client has taken strong objection to an advertisement of "Tricoline" which appeared in the issue of this paper dated May 1st, and in which the name and a photograph of Miss Helen Wills were used for advertising purposes without her authority or consent.

We take this opportunity of tendering our apology to Miss Helen Wills for the insertion of this advertisement and sincerely regret any annoyance she may have suffered by reason thereof.

The NATIONAL DOG FOODS

Make a habit of feeding your dog wisely, regularly, exclusively, on SPRATT'S typically BRITISH biscuits and meals. They are handy to feed—easy to keep—good for him. See the name and trademark X on every genuine SPRATT'S biscuit.

32-PAGE DOG MAGAZINE FREE

Simply send a postcard for your free copy of a magazine full of splendid dog stories, articles, dog lore—and profusely illustrated—to:

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24 5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

SPRATT'S MEAT-FIBRINE DOG FOODS

Triumph three bearing crankshaft means—

smooth, very smooth running, and long life to the engine by reason of the minimisation of vibration. There are Triumph Super Seven models from £149-10s., 15 h.p. models from £375. Lucas electric equipment and Dunlop tyres standard. Write for the catalogue.

TRIUMPH SUPER SEVEN

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. 91, Priory St., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1

Avoid Irritation

The Boots Chemists

Old English LAVENDER DAY CREAM

A delicately perfumed vanishing cream which is an ideal base for powder.

Price 1/6 per jar.

The Boots Chemists

Old English LAVENDER Face Powder

Natural, Rachel No. 1, Rachel No. 2, White or Rose.

1/6 per box Metal Compacte 1/9

The annoyance created by insect pests during the summer season can be minimised by attention to the type of cream and powder used. Lavender has a particular virtue, not only providing a fragrant coolness and freshness, but it allays the irritation so usual to the sunny season.

Lavender for fragrance!

SOLD ONLY BY

The Boots Chemists

PERFUMERS & TOILET SPECIALISTS

OVER 800 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, SOLELY devoted BOTH to TREATMENT AND RESEARCH.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for building extensions, the first part of which will be wards for middle-income Patients who can contribute towards their cost

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

Health of Skin and Hair follows daily use of

Cuticura

Soap and Ointment. Teach your boy that the care he gives to his skin and hair in youth, is the basis of a clear complexion and healthy hair in later life.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold everywhere.

For sample cach address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Beat Daddy *to the winning post!*

THE kiddies simply revel in *safe* surf-riding—the new seaside joy. They love racing the grown-ups and organising all kinds of surf-riding fun among themselves. The Dorco animals they ride never fail them—***because Dorco are specially fitted with double air chambers for safety.*** Your favourite sports shop or store can show you a complete variety—crocodiles, tortoises, seals, and others. Special size for children, larger size for adults. See them at the earliest opportunity. In case of any difficulty, just write to L. Rees & Co., 12, New Union Street, E.C.2, who will gladly furnish the name of your nearest Dorco dealer.

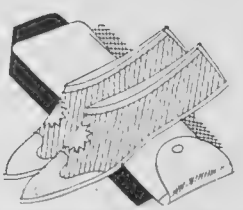
Children's Size —*Choice of: Duck, Donkey, Frog, Swan, Horse, Seal, Tortoise, Crocodile*..... 15/-

Adults' Size —*Choice of: Horse, Swan, Crocodile, Camel, Duck, Dolphin*..... 37/6

Dorco

SURF-RIDING ANIMALS

—*safe as a lifebelt!*

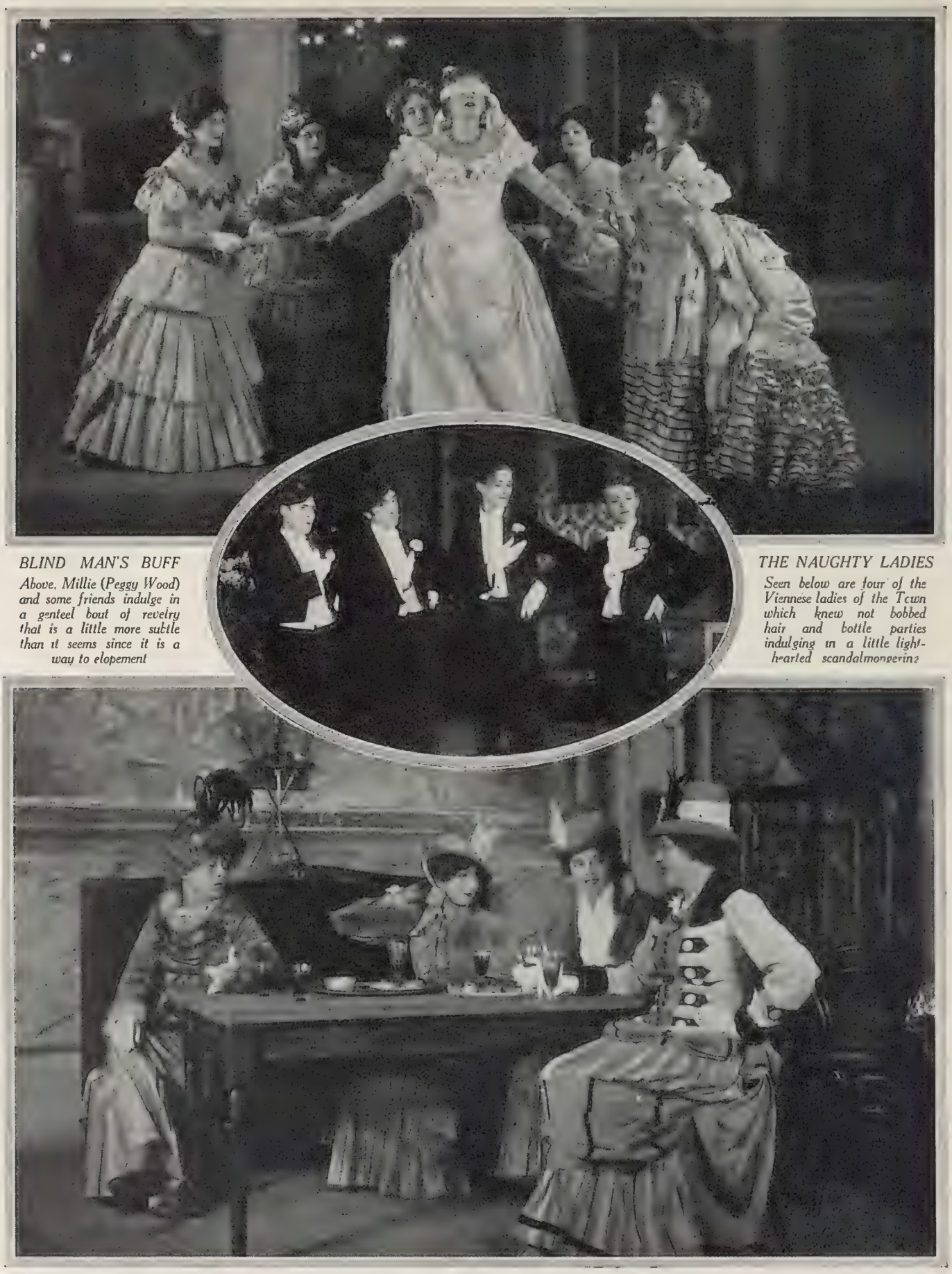


DOROGI BATHING SHOES.

Ask to see Dorogi bathing shoes and Dorco bathing caps. A wonderful range of colours. Shoes 2/6. Caps 1/- to 2/6. Dorogi overshoes are always handy for the stormy weather—1/11. Kiddies get some rollicking fun from Dorco inflatable nursery toys. Ask to see them, too!

DORCO BATHING CAPS.

The NEW COWARD-COCHRAN TRIUMPH



BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Above, Millie (Peggy Wood) and some friends indulge in a genteel bout of revelry that is a little more subtle than it seems since it is a way to elopement

THE NAUGHTY LADIES

Seen below are four of the Viennese ladies of the Town which knew not bobbed hair and bottle parties indulging in a little light-hearted scandalmongering

Photographs *"PRETTY BOYS, WITTY BOYS"—1895 VINTAGE* *Sasha*

The Carnation Boys (inset) complete with shiny pumps and polka-dotted socks, as they appear in "Bitter Sweet," the Noel Coward operette which C. B. Cochran presented at His Majesty's last week. "Bitter Sweet," which is somewhat of a musical "Milestones" in theme and treatment, shows Noel Coward in a new and attractive light

Wiener Foto

F E A R

First with "the last word" in fashion

Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

WHY deny yourself the joy of beautiful and lovely summer dresses and lingerie? The new styles are generously imbued with soft and lovely feminine touches for just your type and personality. Yet the mode you favour can be easily and quickly achieved by using the abundant harmonies and textures of COURTAULDS' famous FABRICS. Textures expertly devised so that Parisienne chic may be enjoyed by all, without undue caution in cutting or finishing. As for colours, summer's own variety could not excel them in beauty or exceed them in number; all fast, pure and distinctive. See the newest of patterns of these beautiful COURTAULDS' FABRICS at your Draper or Store.

The name is on the selvedge.

"Courcain" (Reg'd)

A Rayon and Wool Marocain. Thoroughly dependable and hard-wearing.

38/39" wide, **4/11½d.** Per Yard.

"Courlyn" (Reg'd)

A high-grade Rayon and Wool Marocain of character and charm.

37/38" wide, **5/11d.** Per Yard.

"Delysia" (Registered)

Daintiness itself for present-day Underwear and Frocks. The textile success of the year.

37/38" wide, **3/11½d.** Per Yard.

"Xantha" (Registered)

The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie; beautifully soft and durable.

48/49" wide, **5/11d.** Per Yard.

"Courgette" (Registered)

A delightful crêpe suède fabric, satisfying to the eye and pleasing to the touch.

36/37" wide, **6/11d.** Per Yard

"Clytie" (Reg'd) SATIN

A luxury fabric at a moderate price, wonderfully durable in wear

37/38" wide, **4/11d.** Per Yard.

San-Toy Printed Fabrics (Registered)

Lovely colours and fascinating designs for the lady of taste, yet moderate in price.

"Luvisca" (Registered)

Silk-like, durable and ideal for Jumpers, Lingerie, Children's wear, etc. 37/38" wide

Striped designs, **3/3** Plain Shades & Self Checks, **3/6**

A dainty suggestion for "Courcain" or "Courlyn"

Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

woven by Courtaulds Ltd., are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F. 21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.

All the fabrics named above are produced from Courtaulds' finest Rayon Yarns.

Fashions Fancies

AT THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL, VENICE

Now, when the leaders of Fashion are thronging to Venice, the loveliest of dresses are seen when evening falls, and romance is abroad. The ensemble on the left, which is sponsored by Debenham and Freebody, is of formal patterned lace, a long coat being worn over the sleeveless dress. On the right is a very distinguished pale lavender moiré gown ; it has deep revers in front and at the back, where a trail of flowers is poised at their base. The tightly swathed hip line and the soft skirt draperies show the new silhouette

THE FIRST AUTUMN HATS ARRIVE

Long Kid Gloves are Seen at Evening Functions in Paris

The softly curved upturned brim of this wine-coloured felt hat makes it very becoming

Velvet is used to trim many of the new Autumn hats. It encircles the crown of this felt one from Robert Heath

Sketches by Beta

A black velvet bow is poised on this grey velour hat, and a black edge outlines the graceful brim

London's Smartest Visitor

To walk down Bond Street on any sunny morning is an adventure. To stroll through it now, when London is crowded, and every other person one meets is a celebrity, either foreign or English, is an education. The most interesting sight the other day was a huge sapphire blue car, with wings and streamlines of vivid yellow. On the back were plutocratic-looking trunks of exactly the same shades, and at the wheel was the very incarnation of Lorelei! An American blonde, with a dazzling skin, clad in a sapphire blue suit with a yellow jumper, her piquant little blue felt hat having an upturned yellow brim through which was thrust a sapphire and crystal brooch. Her admirably cut driving gloves were of soft yellow chamois, and her shoes—it is tantalising not to know what sort of shoes she wore, but the car was a saloon model, and her feet were not visible!

A Promised Revival

Some time ago rumours of long gloves for evening wear were heard in Paris. The first to make their appearance were of black lace, and they were worn by women who are recognised leaders of fashion. Since then they have made gradual headway, until now fully half the members of the younger set wear long white gloves at formal functions. In fact, Worth, the famous Parisian *couturier*, predicts that coloured shoes, with coloured kid gloves to match, will enjoy a vogue during the autumn. He effectively completes a white *toilette* with jade green slippers and gloves.

Hats for the Fall

The first of the hats for the early Fall have arrived in London. Felt, velours, and velvet all play their part, and the new shapes are very youthful. The secret of their success lies in the way in which they are put on. They must be poised at exactly the right angle and be tilted slightly backwards, revealing the eyebrows. Hard and unsympathetic lines have been banished, and in their place we have softly curved brims and cunningly placed bows of velvet or felt which are infinitely becoming. Sketched on the left of this page is an attractive wine-coloured felt hat with a wavy, upturned brim. It comes from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge. In the centre is a beige fur felt hat, the crown swathed with soft, rich-hued velvet, and on the right a graceful model in grey velour, strikingly trimmed with black velvet.

A neat mushroom-coloured Deval dress in heavy washing silk, and, on the right, another very new Deval model in love-bird green

Tailored Frocks

It matters not what one's age may be, tailored dresses of heavy washing silk always look fresh and *bien soignée*. They have just that atmosphere of neatness which is so flattering to the average Englishwoman. Deval dresses and overblouses are made of pure English washing silk, and infinite care is bestowed upon the perfection of each garment. They are obtainable practically everywhere in a very wide range of excellent styles, suitable for every type of figure, and in the loveliest colours.

Film

Remove it from teeth twice daily

RUN your tongue across your teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to your teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and grey.

Film hardens into tartar. It holds the acids, which may cause decay, in contact with tooth enamel.

Film cannot resist brushing as it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Remove film by this method for ten days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. Test Pepsodent. Get a tube—NOW!

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

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She insured her Complexion

Quite simple, really. It only costs her a shilling, and Gal toilet soap with its soothing oils of spanish olives will keep her skin always lovely. They foam to a lather firm as whipped cream—petal soft, petal scented. "And it lasts longer, too," she says. "I couldn't *afford* a cheaper soap than Gal."

GAL TOILET SOAP

from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Parkes, Lewis and Burrows, Hodders, Mortons and all good Chemists, also from Department Stores and Hairdressers everywhere.

Perfumeria Gal, Madrid, London, Buenos Aires, New York

Service Advertising F.S. 437

WIZARDS OF REMEMBRANCE

A New Perfume

IT has been said that "perfumes are the wizards of remembrance." How right this is is proved by the way in which anything that affects the olfactory senses causes vivid pictures of half-forgotten things to flood one's mind and stir one's imagination. In that, to a great extent, lies the secret of the abiding lure of perfume and the desire of every woman to be able to make a fragrance her own, expressive of her individuality in a way that nothing else can be. The modern woman finds that the new Tosca perfume, of "4711" repute, perfectly expresses the spirit of the age, for it has a vitality and a delicacy that are the essence of subtle simplicity. There is never the least hint of heaviness, though it lasts for a long time. This is because it is highly concentrated and is made from only the purest ingredients. The leaders of fashion on this side of the Channel have set the seal of their approval upon it, and on the Continent it is enjoying a tremendous vogue.

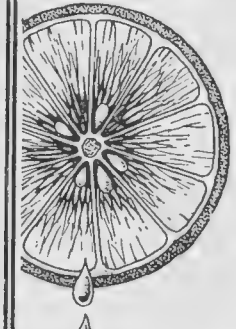
Beautiful Containers

BECAUSE the "4711" Tosca perfume appeals to fastidious women it is sold in containers which will give them pleasure. The 6*s.* 6*d.* and 12*s.* 6*d.* bottles, in their blue and gold cases, are made for personal use, and there is an original square, gilt-capped gift bottle de luxe for 12*s.* To achieve perfection it is essential that all one's toilet preparations should be impregnated with the same aroma. "4711" Tosca powder is obtainable in all shades, and is so fine that it gives a peach-like velvety bloom to the skin. It costs 2*s.* a box. Then their neat blue and gold compact, complete with puff and mirror, is available for 2*s.* 6*d.*, refills, which can be adjusted without any difficulty whatsoever, costing 1*s.* 6*d.* Tosca vanishing cream has been specially created to protect the complexion and preserve its beauty. It is contained in quaintly shaped white jars for 2*s.* 6*d.*, or in 1*s.* 6*d.* tubes which may be carried in the handbag.

The Tosca preparations of "4711" repute are pictured above. There are the square gilt-capped bottle of Tosca perfume and the slender one for personal use, a large bottle of Tosca Eau de Cologne, a jar and a tube of Vanishing Cream, and two Tosca powders

"4711" Eau de Cologne

LAST, but by no means least, there is Tosca Eau de Cologne. This is the famous "4711" Eau de Cologne, which is known throughout the world, with the Tosca perfume incorporated in its composition. It is for the benefit of those people who appreciate the particular qualities of Eau de Cologne, but prefer a stronger and more lasting bouquet. It is obtainable in 5*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.* bottles, and there is a special 2*s.* 6*d.* flask destined for the pocket or the handbag. The blue and gold labels which adorn all "4711" preparations are a hallmark of the highest expression of the perfumer's art, for "4711" Eau de Cologne was first distilled in the reign of George III, and the secret recipe has been jealously guarded ever since. Not only is "4711" Eau de Cologne a perfume, but it is an ideal toilet adjunct. A troublesome headache will be conquered when the temples and behind the ears are bathed with it.



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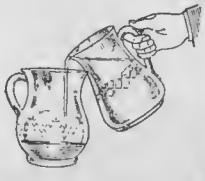

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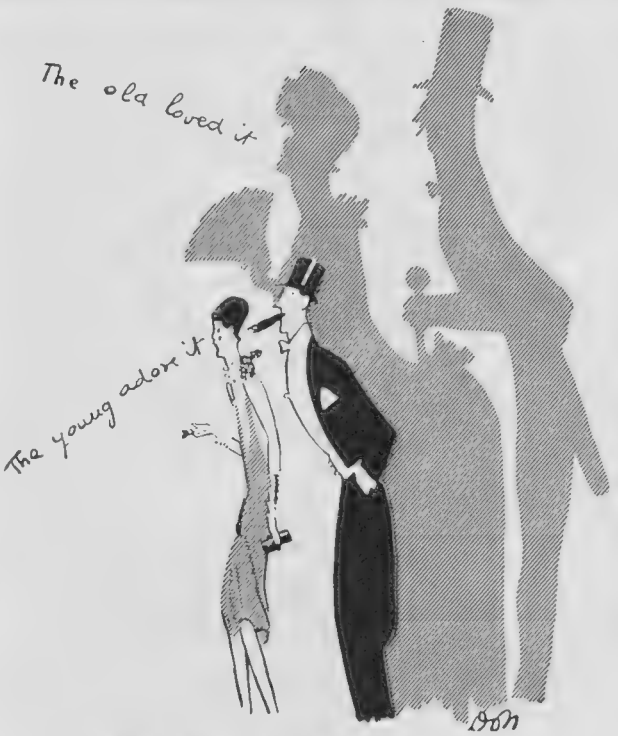

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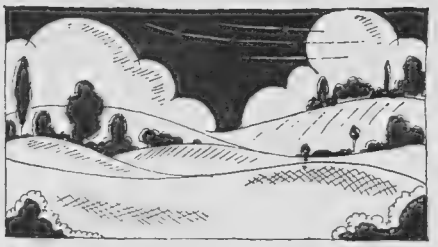
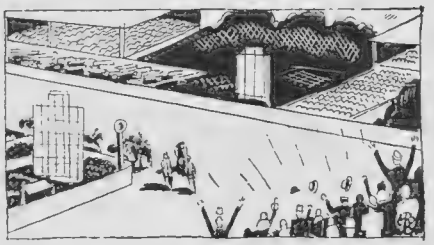
GOODWOOD



The Race Meeting that ends the Season, a glorious gathering in beauteous Sussex.

How delightful and invigorating the Sussex air is—*what* scenery!



All the somebodies and nobodies rubbing shoulders—all in holiday mood.

Yet all have this in common—that if the ladies want to look their best and the men to feel their best, the *secret* is

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP
Protects from infection

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THE GOURMET (Conducted by EMILIA)

A July Dinner

POTAGE BONNE FEMME.

SCALLOPED LOBSTER.

BRAISED TONGUE AND PEAS.

ROAST QUAILS.

PINEAPPLE ICE.

SHRIMPS ON TOAST.

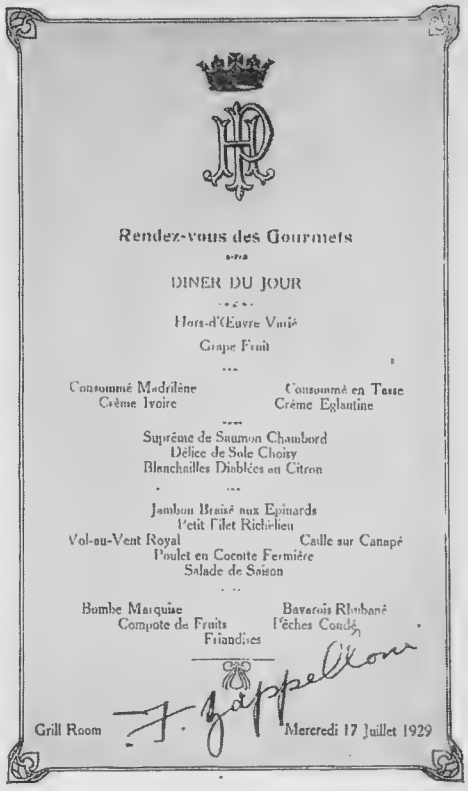
COFFEE. DESSERT.

Potage Bonne Femme

WASH a small lettuce and a ¼ lb. of sorrel, cut them up small, and put in a stewpan with 1 oz. of butter. Cook whilst stirring for five minutes, then add one and a half pints of stock, and simmer gently for half an hour; rub through a sieve. Return the purée to a clean stewpan with half a pint of good white sauce, season to taste, add three sprigs of tarragon and a little chervil shredded. Cook for a few minutes longer, then add one gill of cream and the yolks of three eggs which have been well beaten; stir over the fire for a few minutes and serve.

Scalloped Lobster

CUT the flesh of a boiled lobster into small pieces, and mix with it some well-flavoured melted butter sauce. Put it in the buttered lobster shells and scatter breadcrumbs over. Place in the oven until the crumbs are brown, and serve garnished with powdered lobster coral or coralline pepper.



Rendez-vous des Gourmets

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Compote de Fruits — Pêches Condé
Friandises

Grill Room — Mercredi 17 Juillet 1929

A PICCADILLY HOTEL DINNER

The menu of a dance-dinner served in the Grill Room of the Piccadilly Hotel. The dinner costs 8s. 6d., and evening dress is optional

Braised Tongue and Peas

PLACE a fresh tongue in a fairly large stewpan, cover with boiling water, and simmer very slowly for two hours. Remove the tongue from the water, skin it carefully and trim the root, place it in a casserole, cut ¼ lb. salt pork into dice and put round it, with two carrots, also cut into dice, and an onion. Season with a bay-leaf and parsley, peppercorns and cloves, pour over half a pint of brown stock, cover closely, and bake slowly for two hours. Turn once after cooking an hour. Serve hot with a garnish of the vegetables and half a peck of peas which have been separately boiled; thicken the gravy and flavour it with chopped capers and a little tarragon vinegar.

Roast Quails

COVER the breasts of the quails with a vine-leaf and a slice of fat bacon, put them on skewers and roast in a hot oven for twelve to fifteen minutes, basting them frequently with butter. When done, season with salt and untruss, dish up on fried croûtons of bread, and serve with fried breadcrumbs and gravy. Garnish with watercress.

Shrimps on Toast

PUT some picked shrimps into a saucepan with a good seasoning of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½ oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, and pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put into a hot oven for two minutes and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *rheumatism*. Vichy-Célestins is also a safe and effective tonic-digestant.

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THE BACHELOR'S ROOM
To be seen at the Gazeway, 19-23, High Street, Kingston-on-Thames

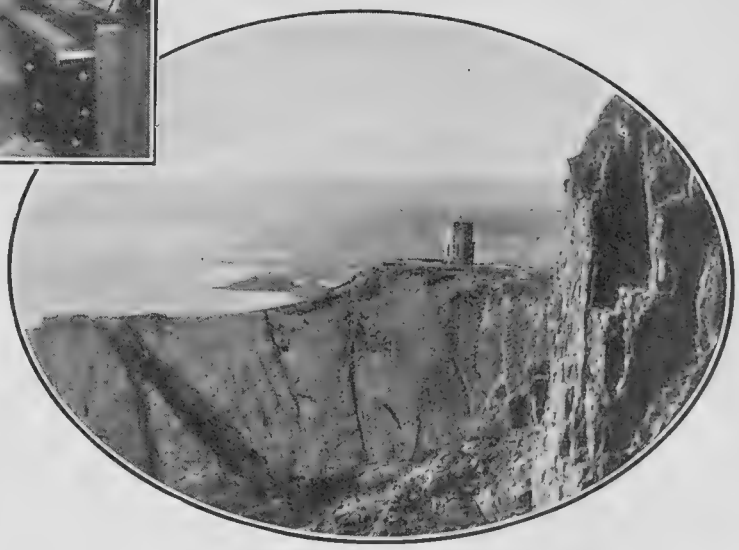
THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Helping Hand

Now that August is upon us the exodus from Town to the coast, the country and the Continent becomes daily greater. But before we ourselves pack our luggage and leave the dust and heat of London behind us we should do well to think of the thousands of poor mothers and children for whom a holiday is impossible—impossible, that is to say, unless some much needed financial assistance comes to hand from those more fortunately placed. The Church Army is doing really wonderful work in providing holidays for poor women and children, but they are seriously handicapped through lack of funds. A little goes a very long way in the Fresh-Air Department of the Church Army—indeed, a five-pound note will give a mother and three children a whole fortnight by the sea, two guineas gives a mother and young baby two weeks' holiday. A cheque made payable to Prebendary Carlile will bring happiness where it is most needed if it is sent to the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Square, W.1.

For the Bachelor

The delightful room carried out by Gaze's, of Kingston-on-Thames, and illustrated on this page, is ideal for the bachelor. The walls are of walnut veneer panelling, the mantelpiece having been eliminated in favour of an interesting picture of carved and painted wood framed under cathedral glass. It is in an old Italian moulding, and set above a fireplace with a fender in wood similar to that of the panel surrounds.



A view of the magnificent cliffs of Bude, the delightful Cornish holiday resort. Bude has many holiday attractions, including a golf course, tennis courts and bowling greens

In Aid of Charity

Mrs. Woolland's 4th Annual Exhibition Lawn Tennis Matches in aid of The League of Mercy will take place at Baydon Manor, Marridge Hill, Ramsbury, Wilts, on Tuesday, July 30. Many famous Wimbledon players, including the South African Team, will take part, and a limited number of reserved tickets may be obtained from Mr. Woolland, Membury, Ramsbury, Marlborough, Wilts.

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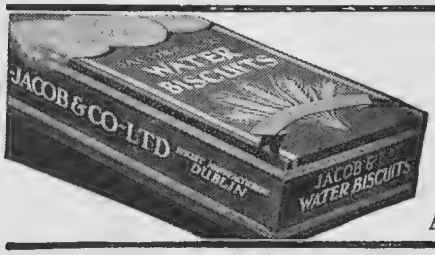

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OVAL-OCTO
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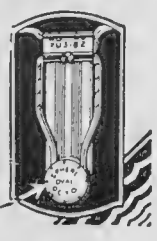

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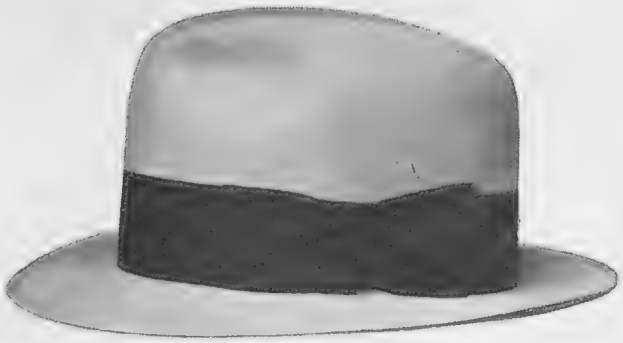

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Now is the time to buy Furs. New models are ready for the coming Winter Season, beautiful Fur Coats, lovely Fur Ties, made from selected and reliable skins, and offered at Summer Sale Prices. Call and inspect the wonderful bargains offered, and remember that we have no shop; our Showrooms are on the first floor.
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finest quality natural black skins, very hard wearing.

Natural Musquash Coat 29 Gns.
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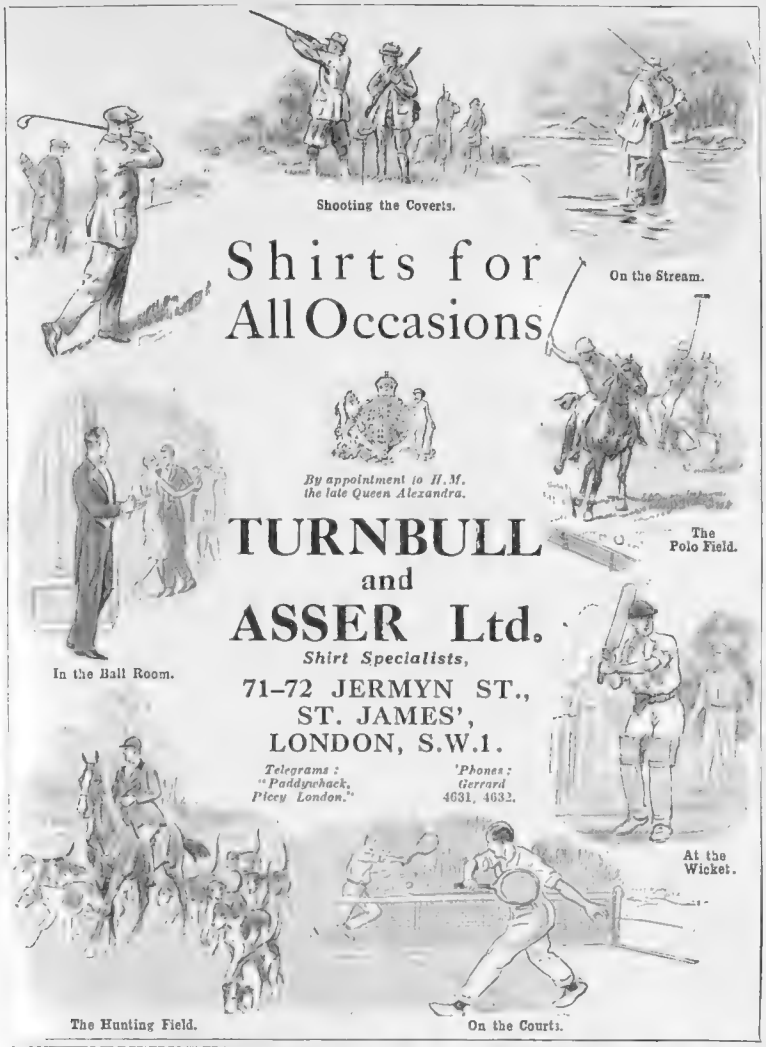

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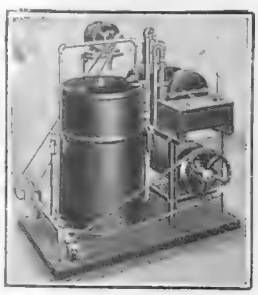

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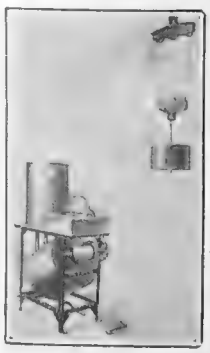

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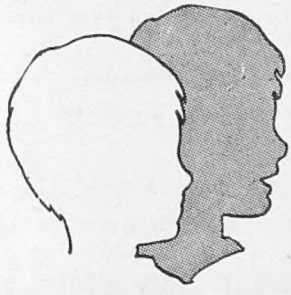

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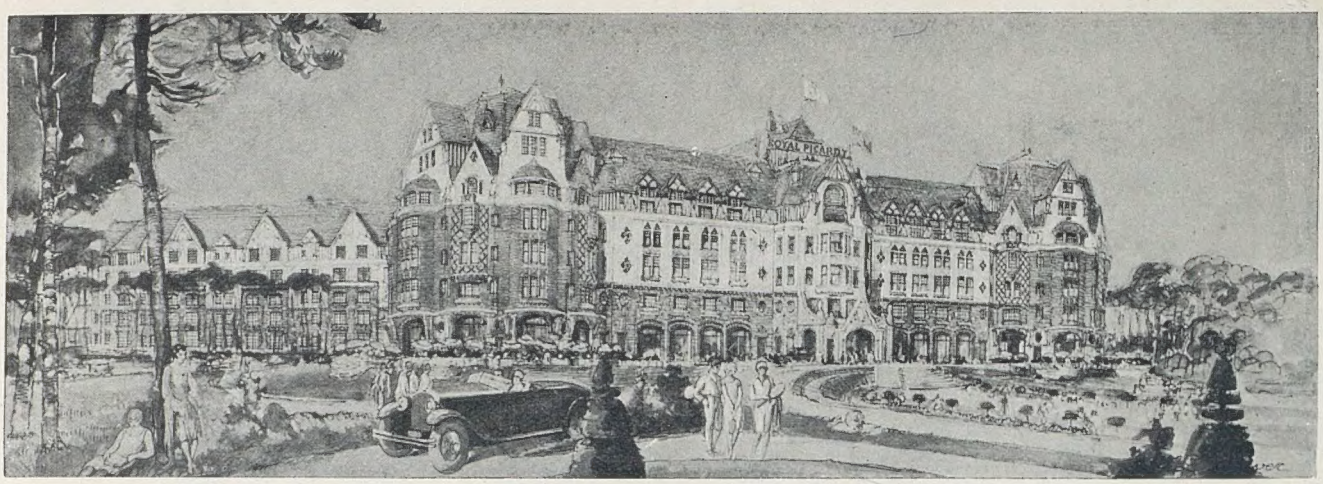

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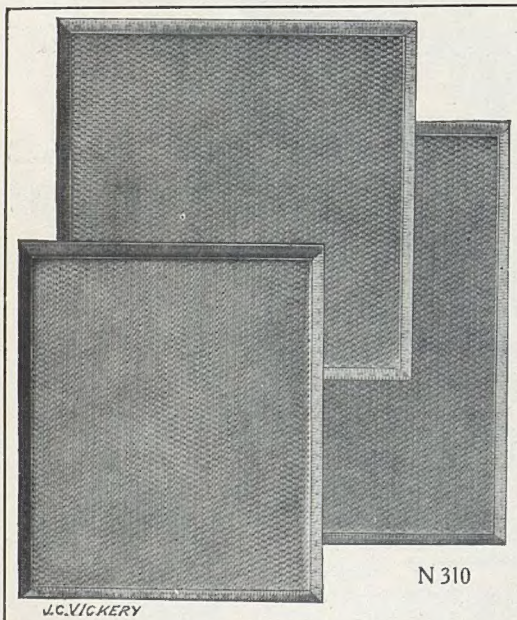

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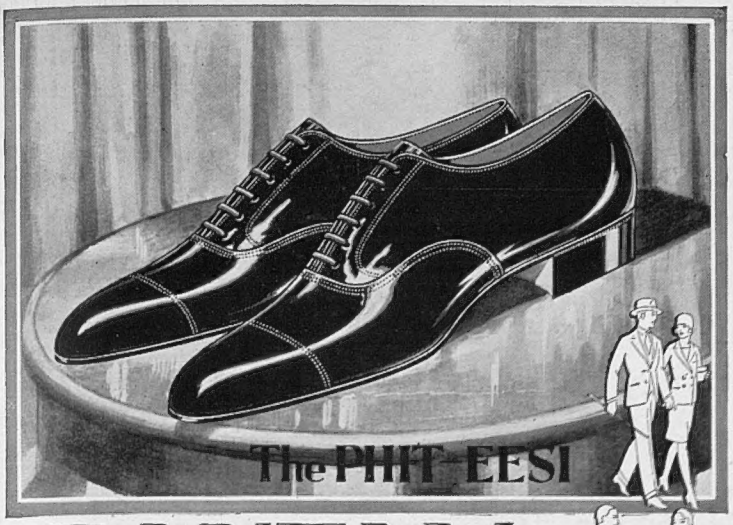

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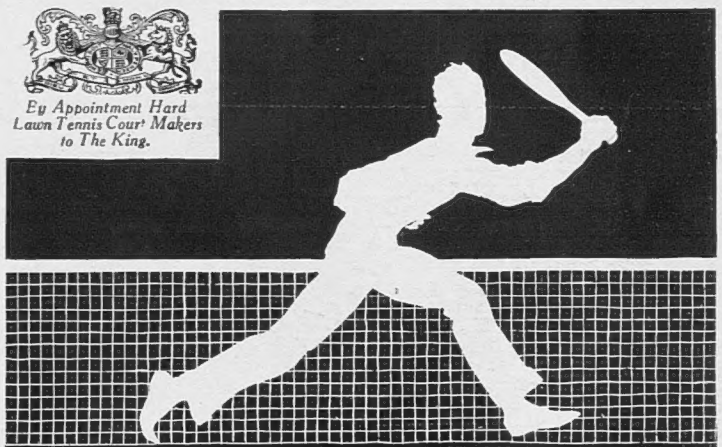

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